2. 4.
180

THE Careleſs Lovers:

A COMEDY

Acted at the Duke's *THEATRE.*

Written by *Edward Ravenſcrofts*, Gent.



LONDON,

Printed for *William Cademan*, at the *Popes Head* in the Lower Walk in the *New Exchange*, 1673.

THE

Careless Lovers:

A

COMEDY

Acted at the Duke's THEATRE.

Written by Edward Ravenscroft, Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Sign of the Anchor in the Lower Walk in the New Exchange, 1673.

THE EPISTLE To the READER.

EPistles Dedicatory, and long Prefaces are of late much in Requeſt; no Perſon of Quality, how remote ſoever, can eſcape the Impertinences of *Poets*; for though they be Hundreds of Miles off, they ſhall be purſu'd, and perſecuted with Dedicatories o're and o're, even by the ſame Authors: which is a ſcurvy Compliment, like that of deſiring a Man to be God-Father to every Child that is Born, though their Neighbours perhaps Club'd to the getting them; Theſe Troubles, liberal Patrons, and kind God-Fathers, draw on themſelves: But this is excuſable in them that Write for *Bread*, and Live by *Dedications*, and *Third-Dayes*. If once in a Year they meet not with a good Audience, or a Bountiful *Mæcenas*, we are to expect no *Play* from them the next; becauſe they want Money to keep the great Wits company; from whoſe Converſation, once in Twelve Months, they pick up a *Comedy*. Yet this ſort of Writers, or Wit-Collectors, are Bloodily angry, if you will not allow all the Wit in their *Playes* to be their own; and if they ſee another Man's *Play* take, Sware

and Bluster, and Bite their Nails; that you'd wonder how they do to Scratch their Heads, to bring forth the next: But I suppose their Nails soon grow agen, and so that's no great Harme. This sort of Men you shall hear say in the Pit, and at the *Coffee-House* (speaking of an Author) Dam me! How can he Write! He's a Raw Young Fellow, newly come from the *University*; How can he understand Humour or Character that is just come from a *Colledge?* Of another they Cry, S'death, he's no Scholler; he can't Write true *Grammar*: Then strutting, and looking Big; S'blood, sayes he, I understand *Greek*, as you may see by the Quotations in my *Preface*, and at the Front of my last New *Play*: But if they can neither Talk, nor Write a Young *Poet* out of the Humour of Making *Playes*, they give him o're for a peremptory Fop, and so fall to writing Siedges and Operas——

But, *Reader*, left by the ensuing *Prologue*, thou should'st think Me one of that Envious Tribe; know it was Written in Requital to the *Prologue*, before the *Assignation, or Love in a Nunnery*, and not without Provocation, *Last prius*: But Devils of Wit are not very dangerous, and so we both sleep in whole Skins.

If you are Inquisitive to know why there are such continual Picques amongst the *Poets*, I can give you no other Reason than what one Whore told the other—— *Two of a Trade can seldome agree*—— Now by way of Excuse for this *Comedy*, let me acquaint you, that it was written at the Desire of the Young Men of the *Stage*, and given them for a *Lenten-Play*; they ask't it not above a Week before *Shrove-Tuesday*: In three dayes time, the Three first Acts were Made, Transcrib'd, and given them to write out in Parts—— The Two last Acts took me up just so much time: one Week compleated it. If this will not excuse it, Thou art as Unconsionable and Malicious as the Writing *Criticks*, who say all they can for themselves, and will hear nothing in Defence of others. But I would not have *Poets* make this a President; for shortness of Time ought not to be pleaded in excuse of Ill *Playes*, unless on the like Occasion: For the Town I am sure will allow a Man ten Months, nay, ten Years, rather, than

than ten Dayes, if he will but bring a good One at last. I have much more to say, and as little to the Purpose, as any thing the best of my Fellow-*Poets* have said; but I'le consider on't a while, and some other time, when I have more Leisure, you shall have it; till then, *Reader*——

Your Humble Servant.

PROLOGUE.

THey that obſerve the Humors of the Stage,
Find Fools and Heroes beſt do pleaſe this Age,
But both grown ſo extravagant, I ſcarce
Can tell, if Fool or Hero makes the better Farce:
As for Example, take our Mamamouchi,
And then Almanſor, that ſo much did touch ye;
That Bully Hero, that did kill and ſlay,
And conquer ye Ten Armies in one day:
He that from ſide to ſide play'd Runnegade,
That Fought and Lov'd as if he had been mad.
He that gain'd Victory at ev'ry Stroke,
And made Kings tremble at each Word he ſpoke;
He that could Kill and Damne you with a Look.
Such are the Heroes, that with you are taking,
But ſuch as never were of Heavens making:
Thus, whether Grave or Comick Scenes we write,
All's turn'd to Farce, by Hero, or by Knight.
Without one of theſe Two it is decree'd
By all of you, that no Play ſhall ſucceed.
An Author did to pleaſe you, let his Wit run
Of late, much on a Serving-Man and Cittern,
And yet you would not like the Cerenade,
Nay, and you Damn'd his Nunns in Maſquerade.
You did his Spaniſh Sing-Song too abhor,
Ayeque locura con tanto rigor.
In fine, the whole by you ſo much was blam'd,
To act their Parts, the Players were aſham'd;

Ah!

PROLOGUE.

Ah! how ſevere your Malice was that Day,
To Damne at once, the Poet *and his* Play;
But why, was your Rage juſt at that time ſhown,
When what the Poet *writ, was all his own?*
Till then he borrow'd from Romance, *and did Tranſlate,*
And thoſe Playes *found a more Indulgent Fate.*
We fear you'l be incens'd again to day,
But conſider, our's is a Lenten *Play.*
It was on purpoſe for the Young Men *writ,*
And all that's in it is Extempore *Wit.*
The Poet *ſayes, becauſe he did not aime*
At Credit, that he cannot meet with ſhame;
We Young-Men *too, hope to be free from Blame;*
For we do not deſign to pleaſe the Town
So much, as to get ev'ry Mans Half-crown:
And boldly we preſume, that your Intent
Of coming now is for Encouragement.
Reſolve then to be Kind to Us to Day,
And if You will, to Morrow, Damne the Play.

THE

THE
Actors Names.

Mr. *Muchworth*,	An Old Alderman.	Mr. *Norrice.*
Mr. *Lovell*,	A Well-bred Gentleman.	Mr. *Cademan.*
Mr. *Careleſs*,	A Town Gallant.	Mr. *Smith.*
De Boaſtado	A Conceited Lord, and Traveller.	Mr. *Angell.*
Toby,	A Servant to Mr. *Lovel.*	Mr. *Sherwood.*

WOMEN.

Jacinta,	Daughter to Mr. *Muchworth.*	Mrs. *Burrough*
Hillaria.		Mrs. *Clough.*
Beatrice	their Maid.	Mrs. *Leigh.*
Mrs. *Clappam* and Mrs. *Breedwel*	Two Wenches of the Town.	Mrs. *Osborn*, Mrs. *Norris.*

A Parſon, a Taylor, Ghoſts, Fidlers, Drawers.

The Scene *Covent Garden.*

THE Careless Lovers.

The First Act, Scene First.

Enter Lovell *and* Careless.

Carel. COme back! Prithee *Lovell*, come back, and let's to the Tavern.

Lov. Unconscionable Man! I tell thee I am going to see my Mistress.

Carel. Pox o'thy Mistress; if thou wer't going to a Wench, I wou'd excuse thee; But I should think my self Damn'd, shou'd I consent to thy going to sollicit any Woman in the Way of *Matrimony*.

Lov. Wilt thou never leave this lewd wild Humour?

Carel. Not upon the score of *Matrimony*; Why, *Jack Lovell*, I'le tell thee I am now like a Colt in the *Fenns*, that straggles every where, and feed where I like best; But shou'd I Marry, I shou'd be tether'd to my Spot of ground; at best, confin'd to an Inclosure.

Lov. But the Horse that is loose often falls into a foul Ditch; or is put in the Pound for straying into his Neighbours ground: Marriage is honest and safe.

Carel. Yes; if all Wives were honest, I'le undertake a Miss shall love thee twice as long as any Wife thou can'st find,

find; nothing choaks Love like the Surety of Possession: Love is an excellent Meat, but Marriage is an ill Sauce; and believe me, it is the worst Estate of Mankind. If I was going to *Tyburne*, I wou'd cry, *Drive on Carman*; and choose to Sing my *Penitential Psalme* at the Gallows, rather than return to say, *For Better for Worse*.

Lov. Atheists in Love, like them in Religion, are not to be reclaim'd by Argument; yet now and then are converted by some Accident or other. Thou may'st one Day see a Beauty, that like a Burning-Glass, shall draw all thy loose Flames within a narrow compass.

Carel. Beauty is more brittle than the Glass thou talk'st of; and Mans Estimation of it less Durable: I may perchance, Love only one at once; but not that one always: And whilst I am in my right Witts, I will not leave Delightful Variety for the Unsavoury Insipid Bitts of Constancy.

Lov. Well; *Facinta*, has a Kins-woman for her Companion, so Beautiful, her Eyes won'd fix thy wandring Thoughts, and make thee abandon all Women for her sake——

Carel. So thinks the Devout young Novice newly enter'd into his Cloister; He has no sooner forsaken the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, but imagines he is able to perswade the greatest Debauchee, to make himself a Fool in the like manner.

Lov. I have not seen my Mistress these three Dayes; and my Mind is not compos'd enough, to return an Answer to every thing You urge. But venter thy Body within these Doors, and if ever thou return'st the same Man, no——

Carel. I know my self so well grounded in Sin, and have tasted so much the Sweets of Wickedness, that I dare venture my Self into any Temptations to the contrary: And for this once, I will suffer my self to be seduc'd by thee into Civil Company; And if they do debauch me——

Lov. Come then——

Carel. But I know not how I shall forgive my self the Sin of forsaking Wine, Women, and Dicey, for the Conversation of Damn'd Vertuous Women.

Enter

Enter De Boastado *and his Man, combing his Wigg, and adjusting his Garniture.*

Lov. *Careless*, we are undone!

Carel. What Fantastick is this?

Lov. It is the Vain, Idle, Simple, Conceited, Impertinent, Talking, Travelling Lord *De Boastado* (as he calls himself.)

Carel. He looks like a good Subject for Mirth, let's hear his Character more at large.

Lov. I never saw him but twice in my Life, but once is enough to know what he is; for, like a Word writ in Text, you may Read him all at first sight.

Carel. So——

Lov. He much values himself upon his Travelling; many Countries have taken Notice of him, and he of a few; he pass'd them o're as some Men do a great Library of Books, who Read the Title-page, then turn to *Finis*: He carry'd more Money out with him, than he brought Wit home: His Observations are of Modes, Fashions and Women: He speaks some few words in most Languages, but Sence in none: He has Baptiz'd himself with the Honourable Titles of most Countries: His Name is as long as a Coach and six Horses.

Carel. Let's fall upon him.

Lov. Shun him as you would the Plague.

Carel. Thou shalt stay, he makes full at us.

Lov. He, he has prun'd himself, and comes with a full Swoop.

D. Boast. Mr. *Lovell*, good Morrow to you.

Lov. Good morrow to your Lordship.

D. Boast. What Gentleman is this?

Lov. A worthy Friend of mine.

Carel. One that has the Ill Fortune to be unknown to your Lordship.

D. Boast. My Friend's Friend must not be a Stranger: I

am covetous of your better Acquaintance.

Carel. Pray do me the Honour to let me know to whom my Services are owing.

De Boast. My Name is *Mounsieur, Heiro, Signiore Countalto, Donno D'Boastado.*

Carel. Bless me! *De Boastado*, what Arms bears that Family?

D. Boast. Sir, they are very famous, and thus blazon'd; but first imagine the Escutcheon in a Frame of beaten Gold, richly Enamell'd, set with Pearls, Rubies, Diamonds, and other precious Stones of great value and number, Incredible—— for such an one have I hangs up in my Dining-Room against my Embroidr'd Hangings, that were presented me by the Emperour; betwixt a Golden Watch in a rich Case, given me by the King of *Spaine*, and a great Medal, with the *Pope*'s Image on't: And underneath all this, hangs the Golden Armour I won in *France*, at the head of Four Thousand Men; I must confess there was not any one cou'd do the like, tho' they all try'd one by one—— But no matter for that, let that pass.

Lov. I have heard much of your Fame, but as to your Heraldry.

Carel. You do well to put him in mind of his Text, for he was run too far from it, to come to't agen under the turning of an Hour-Glass.

D. Boast. Well; now as to my Armes——

The Supporters of this Frame are

The Griffin and Tyger *Couchant*, for on their two Backs it is borne up at each Corner: in the middle, by the Flower *De lesse Crescent*, on each side, guarded by the Dromadary and Elephant *Rampant*, which stand upon a Castle *Guardant*; on the Top of the Frame, is the Helmet *Militant*, held up in the Talet of an Eagle *Volant*, bearing a Crown upon her Head *Triumphant.*

Carel. The Flourish of all Christendom!

Lov. This is a strayn beyond what I ever heard yet.

Carel. His Heraldry has run him out of breath.

D. Boast. Then Gallants, in the Escutcheon, is only a Man with

with a Spade *Foelant* in a Field *Gules.*

Carel. A Silver Brim to a Wooden Diſh.

Lov. Or a Leek Enchas'd in Gold.

Carel. That wou'd be a fit Armes for him, for by the length of his Name, he ſhou'd be a *Welch-man*——— But my Lord, theſe may be ſaid the Armes of *Adam.*

D. Boaſt. They are ſo; ours is a very Ancient Family, and we are lineally Deſcended from him——— And our Motto is

Dii Vendent Omnia Laboribus.

In Italian, *Ciaſcunno è figliolo Del ſue operè.*

In Engliſh, *Without Paines, no Gaines.*

Carel. We have treſpaſs'd on your Lordſhip's Patience.

Lov. We beg your Pardon, and take our leaves.

D. Boaſt. I hope your Friends better Acquaintance.

Carel. You honour me much.

D. Boaſt. How far walk you this Way?

Carel. No farther than this Houſe.

D. Boaſt. Thither I am going too.

Lov. Are you acquainted with Mr. *Muchworth.*

D. Boaſt. His Daughter will be a great Fortune, and I am in Treaty with him about a Marriage.

Lov. About Marriage!

D. Boaſt. Great Perſons of mean Eſtates chooſe Wives out of the City; they are covetous of Honour, and we of Money. And here comes the Alderman.

Enter Muchworth.

Muchw. Good morrow to your Lordſhip.

D. Boaſt. How does your fair Daughter?

Muchw. You honour me with enquiring after her——— Oh Mr. *Lovell,* a word with you in private. Sir, you have for ſome time made Addreſſes to my *Jacinta:* But for the future, I deſire you wou'd be a ſtranger to her——— To me you ſhall be always welcome, but ſhe is otherwiſe engaged.

Lov. It is leſs in my Power not to love her, than to hate you; Tho' ſhe ſhou'd follow your Example, and turn me off too.

Muchw. You know my mind, and shortly she'l let you know hers,— your Servant— My Lord, I'le wait you in— my Daughter and my Neece are but gone to buy a few Trifles at the Exchange; they'l be back soon.

D. Boast. Gentlemen, your Servant. } *Exeunt* Muchw. *and* D. Boast.

Lov. Jacinta engag'd! false faithless Woman.

Carel. Prithee think no more of her. Come now, go with me and be merry; wee'l have Women in abundance.

Lov. Hang e'm Jilts.

Carel. No; such Women as your Mistress is, are more like Jilts. These are good Conscionable Girles, that will not let you spend your Money for nothing with the others; you waste your Gold and Time, and at last, like young Heifers when they come to be milk'd, they Spurn at you in Defiance, and away they frisk.

Lov. Ah *Jacinta*! Hast thou forgot my Vowes? Unhappy Lover.

Carel. Damne this pineing, whineing, puleing, peaking, sneaking, snivling Love: I'le carry thee where thou shalt see merry, gay, jocund, sprightly Love. Thou shalt have it in Arm-fulls, and Dilate thy self in Pleasure.

Lov. My Soul is out of Tune!

Enter Toby.

Toby. Sir, Master, Sir, Madam *Jacinta*, and her Cousin *Hilaria* are just turn'd the Corner of this Street; I suppose they are coming home.

Lov. I'le meet her, and tax her with her Inconstancy.

Tob. They have both their Masques on, but you'l know e'm by *Beatrice*; my sweet *Beatrice*.

Enter Jacinta, Hilaria, Beatrice.

Carel. These are they. *Lovell*, accost thy own Natural, and leave me to manage the other Impertinent.

Lov. My Heart's my Guide. *Jacinta* stay, stay *Jacinta*; Speak, tho' but one word, and tell me the Cause of this sudden Alteration:

Alteration: Pull off your Maſque, and let me ſee if your Face is alter'd as much as I hear your Heart is. Unkind Woman, doſt thou flie me! I'le purſue thee as a Ghoſt does the guilty Murderer.

Tob. Now you and I, like Squire and Damſel, will follow *Beatrice*; if thou haſt loſt thy Tongue too, you and your Miſtreſs are a Bleſſed pair; for were it not for your Tongues, you wou'd all be Angels.

Beat. Da, da, da——— [*Ex.* Jac. Lov. Bea.

Carel. Nay, nay, Madam! You are not to paſs ſo.

Hil. What wou'd the man be at?

Carel. The Man's at what he wou'd be; he's at you.

Hil. What do you mean?

Carel. Faith I can't reſolve you till I ſee your Face; pull off your Maſque, and then I'le tell you what I mean.

Hil. Suppoſe I wont.

Carel. Nay, if you are good at Suppoſitions, ſuppoſe I am reſolv'd to ſee it off.

Hil. Then I ſhou'd ſuppoſe you very Rude.

Carel. And if you don't, I ſhall ſuppoſe you very Ugly; for I never knew a Woman that had a handſome Face cou'd endure to hide it.

Hil. Yes, if ſhe like not her Company.

Carel. Yet, ſhe'd have her Company like her; I truſt more to a Woman's Pride, than her Love or good Nature: For tho' they are ugly, they think themſelves handſome, and wou'd be thought ſo by others.

Hil. Why then do they maintain the Humour of Vizard-Maſques?

Carel. Becauſe under them they Sin conceal'd: I'le engage Vizard-Maſques ruine more Womens Virtues than all the Bawds in Towne———

Hil. Your Reaſon for that.

Carel. Under the Vizard the Wife goes to the Play, Ball, or Maſquerade undiſcover'd to her Husband; the Maid unknown to her Miſtreſs; the Daughter or Neece unperceiv'd by her Relations;

lations: The Maſque invites the Gallants: And tho' at firſt you come but out of Curioſity, to hear what Men will ſay; Our *Alamode Repertees*, our *Gentile Bawdry*, and brisk *Raillery* tickles your Ears; your Bodies are buxome, your Bloods grow wanton, your Fancies ſtrike firmly on ſome Man or o-other; the Gallant grows Importunate, and you are Con-quer'd.

Hil. Do you find Women then ſo fraile?

Carel. A Womans Ear is the Out-work to her Chaſtity; get but there, and the Fort is more than half taken. When once a Woman hears what you ſay, ſhe'l ſoon do what you'd have her.

Hil. Then you take a Parly for a Surrender.

Carel No, but after a Parly they ſoon yield.

Hil. Now have I a mind to ſtay and talk with you, but muſt be forc'd to leave you to avoid your ill Opini on.

Carel. Nay, if you have a mind to't you 'ldo't; let me think what I will. And if you won't pull off your Maſque, I'le e'en begone and leave you. Fare you well.

Hil. And fare you well. } *Turn from each others, and looks back o're their Shoulders.*

Carel. Nay, if you look o're Shoul-der after me, I'le turn again, for you have no mind I ſhould be gone I am ſure.

Hil. Why did you look back at me?

Carel. To ſee——

Hil. If I wou'd look at you, and ſo we e'en caught one ano-ther; and what can you ſay to me of that which I can't Retort on you agen.

Carel. But I'le be judg'd by your ſelf, if I have not more rea-ſon to think, you deſire my ſtay, than I yours; You have a full ſight of me, and ſee what I am, and now whether you like me or not: You are all Vizard, long Scarfe, and Petticoat; for ought I know, you may want a Noſe, a Sett of Teeth, be Squint-ey'd, or Blobber-lip'd.

Hil. You'l make me as ugly as the Devil. Am I not Cloven-footed think you? } *Offers to look on her Leggs.*

Carel. I'le tell you that preſently——

Hil. Nay—— *Carel.*

Carel. A handsome Legg and a Foot I'le be sworn; and here's a well shap'd Hand and Arme; and what Breasts are here? How round and plump?

Hil. Hands off, your enquiry begins to grow troublesome.

Carel. If you have a Face and Features answerable to your Limbs, you'r a prime piece of Womans Flesh.

Hil. Do you think I have?

Carel. Gad do I.

Hil. Then to keep you in your good Opinion, I'le begone, and you shan't see't: Nay, nay, no Attempts, hands off.

Carel. I have sworn to see't.

Hil. And I have sworn you shall; but stand at greater Distance: Farther, farther yet—— See Hil. *gets her back close to her Uncles Door, pulls off her Masque, steps in, and shuts it.*

Carel. Excellent Creature!

Hil. Fare you well.

Carel. Ha! are you so cunning? She has lock'd the Door against me.

Enter Toby.

Toby. My Master, Sir, is gone out the Back-way, and sent me to give you Notice.

Carel. I'le be with him presently. [*Ex.* Toby.

By her Witt, I did not judge she had so good a Face; for Wit and Beauty seldome go together in a Woman: She has a large stock of both, and I cou'd wish my self in Bed with her: but the Thoughts of her are Momentary.

I'le keep my Soul free as the Bird that flyes i'th Aire,
I'le ne'r love one, till I of all besides Despair. [Exeunt.

The Second Act.

Enter Lovell *and* Toby, Beatrice *meeting them.*

Beat. MOst luckily met, I am sent Embassadress of good News, and was just coming——

Lov. Return, and Attempt not to deceive me with fair Words. Return, I bid thee, and tell thy Faithless Mistress her Unhappy Lover will not long be the subject of her Scorne: Bid her practice her Receipt elsewhere.

Beat. My sweet Face, tell me, What Humor is this has possess't thy Master?

Tob. Your sweet Face, you Impertinent: Go, do as you'r bidden. Be gone, go.

Beat. Hey! Are you in the same Tone?

Tob. Be gone Baggage: Speak not a Word more for your Life.

Beat. What a Vengeance ayles you both? Well, I'le go informe my Mistress how Squares go. [*Exeunt.*

Lov. Thus to treat a Lover, and one that was the most passionate, and most faithful of all Lovers.

Tob. Tis strange to me they should treat us so.

Lov. I have show'd the greatest Love and Tenderness for her that can be imagin'd; I lov'd Nothing in the World but her; Thought of Nothing but her; and Sleeping, dream't of Nothing but her: She was all my Desire, all my Joy; I spoke not of any thing but her: And is such a Love thus Rewarded! These three Dayes I have not seen her, seem'd so many Ages for me: And am I in three Dayes forsaken and forgotten? I meet her, and she will not speak to me, not look at me; but shun me as a Thing she hates.

Toby

Tob. Ah Sir, I may say the same; for *Beatrice* will follow her Mistress's Honey or T——— as she is.

Lov. Can *Fucinta* be match'd for Ingratitude?

Tob. Or that Baggage *Beatrice*?

Lov. To forsake me after so many Sighs and Vows which I have offer'd to her Charmes.

Tob. To leave me after so many good Offices and daily Services I have done for Her.

Lov. After so many Tears shed at her Feet.

Tob. After so many Payles of Water lugg'd up Stairs for her, to wash her Roomes.

Lov. After I had express'd so Ardent an Affection, and so gen'rous a Flame for her.

Tob. After I have so often kindl'd a Fire for her in her Mistress Chamber, and Scorch'd my self with taking her Heaters for her out of the Fire.

Lov. Does she after all this, refuse to speak to Me?

Tob. Does she for all this turn Cat in Pan?

Lov. And flie from my sight.

Tob. And turn her Back-side with a Pox to me.

Lov. Her Unkindness deserves my severest Resentments.

Tob. Her Pettishness merits a hundred Kicks i'th Breech.

Lov. I charge thee never speak to me of her, nor for her.

Tob. I, Sir! not I by Grandsires Beard.

Lov. Never attempt to excuse her Infiedlity.

Tob. Never fear't.

Lov. I'le be Deaf to all you can say in her behalf.

Tob. I think not any thing of't.

Lov. I will cherish my Anger, and break off all Intimacy with her.

Tob. Agreed: And I'le break off my Intreigue.

Lov. Perhaps she's taken with this Foolish Lord, and puff'd up with Hopes of being a Lady—— Ambition is the Vice of her Sex; but she shall not boast an absolute Glory, for I'le Abandon her as she does me.

Tob. I much approve your Resolution.

Lov. Do thou lend it Aide against all that Love can urge to

the Contrary; I conjure thee, find all the Faults in her thou can'ſt, and Lampoon her to me in a Deſcription——

Tob. Shaw waugh;—— You may find a thouſand prettier Women than ſhe. In the firſt place, her Hair inclines to Yellow.

Lov. That's but the Luſtre of her Hair.

Tob. Her Forehead's low.

Lov. But ſmooth and Delicate.

Tob. Her Noſe is too bigg.

Lov. But well ſhap'd.

Tob. When ſhe ſpeaks, ſhe draws her Mouth from Ear to Ear.——

Lov. Which diſcovers ſuch a fine Sett of Teeth, ſo white and even; and her Lipps ſo red.

Tob. And keeps her Teeth cloſe, which makes ſuch a Jarring in her Speech.

Lov. That breaks the fulneſs of the Voyce, and makes a pretty kind of Harmony.

Tob. Her Face is a White clumſey big-face.

Lov. But every Feature is ſo excellent, the greateſt Crittick in Beauty knows not where to take away, or what to add.

Tob. Then ſhe has a peaking way of holding down her Head.

Lov. But at the ſame time, appear ſuch a pattern of Modeſty and Innocence.

Tob. Her Breaſts are too bigg.

Lov. But are firm and white, and ſuch delicate blew Veyns, Their Bigneſs ſeems Graceful.

Tob. She's Lanck Buttock'd.

Lov. Finely turn'd about the Hipps.

Tob. Her Stature is low.

Lov. Augh! of a fine middle Size, not ſo Tall to or'e-top a Man, nor ſo Low as to be or'e-look'd.

Tob. She's of too dull and ſerious a Humour.

Lov. That which you call Dulneſs, is her Modeſty; and her Seriouſneſs, is the Effect of her Sage diſcreet Behaviour.

Tob. But ſhe's very pettiſh——

Lov. Which ſhews ſhe has a Spirit. But in the Fair nothing

ſeems amiſs, and in them we eaſily paſs o're ſmall Faults.

Tob. Lord Sir! She's a Book without an Errata; never did ſuch a perfect Impreſſion come from the Preſs of Nature: I ſee how things will go. Whom we excuſe, we Love——

Lov. Love her! I'le rather Die. I'le more diſeſteem her than ever I priz'd her.

Tob. This is not the right courſe you take.

Lov. In this my Revenge will ſhew it ſelf, the more full of Charms ſhe appears, the more Glorious will the Conqueſt be: When from my Heart, I drive the Sentiments of Love, and plant in their Room, Contempt and Diſdaine. *Enter* Jacinta *and* Beatrice.

Tob. Here ſhe comes; now ſtand your Ground.

Beat. His behaviour Madam was ſuch, I have nothing to ſay in his Excuſe.

Jacin. He's here.

Lov. I'le not ſo much as ſpeak to her.

Tob. I'le follow your Example.

Jac. What makes you ſo ſtrange?

Beat. Why ſtand you at ſo great a Diſtance?

Jac. What diſtrubs your Mind?

Beat. What a murren ailes you?

Lov. Perfidious Woman.

Tob. Hah! Mrs. *Judas*.

Jac. I ſee my Company is troubleſome to you; was my Silence this Morning the ground of your Anger?

Lov. Let me tell you, you ſhall not Triumph in your Infidelity; I will baniſh the Love I have for you from my Heart, and leave in it no Impreſſion your Eyes have made.

Tob. No nor I neither.

Jac. I will acquaint you with the Cauſe why I held not diſcourſe with you this Morning.

Lov. I'le hear nothing.

Beat. I'le tell you why we were Mum.

Tob. I am deaf.

Jac. My Father—— *Lov.* I care not.

Beat. My Miſtreſs—— *Tob.* My Maſter.

Jac. Hear me! —— *Lov.* No.

Beat. Hark you——— *Tob.* No, hark you———
Fac. Mr. *Lovell*——— *Lov.* Mrs. *Facinta*,
Beat. Dear *Toby*——— *Tob.* Sweet *Beatrice*,
Fac. Stay. ——— *Lov.* Not I.
Beat. Come back——— *Tob.* I won't.
Fac. Pray hear me——— *Lov.* Excuse me.
Beat. One word——— *Tob.* Not a Syllable.
Fac. You'l begon——— *Lov.* Yes.
Beat. You wont stay--- *Tob.* No.

Fac. Well, since you will not hear me speak, Remain in your Ignorance, and do as you please.

Beat. Since you are so frumpish, a Pin for you.

Tob. And a Fart for you Mrs. *Turd-pie*.

Lov. Well then, say what you would say.

Fac. My Mind is alter'd now.

Tob. Come tell your Tale.

Beat. No matter now.

Lov. What was it?

Tob. Begin.

Lov. Pray speak.

Tob. Come out with it.

Lov. I entreat.

Tob. I petition.

Lov. I conjure you.

Tob. In the name of *Jupiter* Speak——

Lov. *Facinta*.

Tob. *Beatrice*.

Lov. You'r resolved.

Tob. You'l be obstinate.

Lov. Lay aside your Anger.

Tob. Let your Gizzard leave grumbling.

Beat. I'le have nothing to do with you.

Fac. Nothing.

Beat. I have done.

Fac. Excuse me.

Beat. Let me alone.

Fac. In vain.

Beat. To no purpose.

Fac. Pray go.

Beat. Be gone.

Fac. *Lovell*.

Beat, *Toby*.

Fac. I am.

Beat. Yes.

Fac. Never.

Lov. Since you are so Averse, to let me know the Cause why you treated me so Ill, and prov'd so false to your Faith, This is the last time you shall ever see me, for I will turn Wanderer, and spend my dayes in Travel.

Tob. Ay, and so will I.

Fac.

Jac. But *Lovell*—

Lov. Your pleasure.

Beat. But *Toby*.

Tob. 'Say you.

Jac. What are your Intentions?

Lov. To banish my self from my Country.

Beat. What mean you?

Tob. To turn Vagabond.

Jac. You must not go.

Lov. Your Unkindness drives me hence.

Beat. You shan't be gone.

Tob. You'r grown so Turdy the Devil wou'd not endure your Company.

Jac. Lovell, 'tis you are unkind, to condemn me unheard.

Lov. You refus'd to speak for your self.

Jac. It was not then convenient: My Father both this Morning, and e're since I saw you last, charg'd me never to admit you more in Conversation, nor to see you, cou'd I help it? And sayes his Curses shall be my Portion, if I disobey him.

Lov. Will you be so unjust? } *Ready to shut*

Jac. Never, tho' you shou'd prove so to me! } *the Boult.*

Lov. By your Father's words, I understood you were as willing to retreat from my Love, as he to have you——

Jac. I saw, e're since that Foppish Lord made his Pretentions to me, that my Father was resolv'd to put a Stop to our Proceedings. I seemingly comply'd—— for had I urg'd his Anger with my Denyals, he wou'd not only have banish'd you from his house, but have, Immur'd me in my Chamber, till I had been dispos'd of; Then I should have lost the satisfaction of seeing you, which I now may have if things be manag'd discreetly.——

Lov. You acted prudently——

Jac. I durst not speak to you this Morning: when I return'd, I spy'd my Father at the Window.

Beat. Look you now, the Secret is out.

Tob. 'Twas e'en so, I verily believe.

Lov.

Lov. Ah *Jacinta!* See what pow'r you have o'e me, that can with one word appeaſe all the Mutinies in my Mind: and with what Facility, we let our ſelves be perſwaded by them we love.

Tob. Ah theſe White Devils have as great power over their Servants, as the Black Devil over Sinners. [*Shut the Boult.*

Beat. Madam, the Door begins to open.

Jac. Begone Sir. I fear it is my Father.

Lov. Adieu —— *Ex.* Lov. Tob.

Enter Hillaria.

Hil. Ha, ha, ha!

Jac. You have a happy time on't Cozen, you are alwayes merry!

Hil. I vow Coz. I have ſo laugh'd at his Lordſhip.

Jac. How can'ſt thou laugh at ſuch a Fool?

Hil. He's one of the moſt pleaſant Comedies Nature ever brought into the World.

Jac. He's but a meer Farce!

Hil. His Taylor is come after him with a New Suit, but of the oddeſt Faſhion —— he is putting it on, and will ſoon be here to ſhew it you; he ſayes 'tis of his own Invention.

Jac. I wiſh thee in my place, you wou'd know how to manage him.

Hil. I wou'd my Uncle had ordain'd him for my Lover.

Jac. And do you wiſh he were to be your Husband too?

Beat. There's a certain Reaſon, Madam, why a woman ſhou'd wiſh to have a Fool for her Husband.

Hil. Yes *Beatrice,* but I do'nt; he's not Fool enough for that!

Beat. For my part I believe it to be a Vulgar Error.

Hil. Some are ſo skilful, as to judge of thoſe matters from the Features; but Experience is the beſt Miſtreſs.

Beat. Ay Madam! —— from thence comes the moſt certain Knowledg.

Jac. You talk ſo I don't know what you mean.

Hil. Alas poor Innocent!

Beat.

Beat. Why Madam, we may talk or mean what we will, we are alone.

Fac. I blush at your Answer.

Hil. Dear Coz, you are a very Wag at your heart, or you'd not blush at what she said.

Fac. Here comes your Animal.

Enter De Boastado *in his New Suit, and a Taylor.*

Taylor. Never let me have your Custome, if it be not exactly to your Description!

D. Boast. I think it is; Madam *Facinta,* I come to shew you my Gallantry. 'Tis an odd Fancy, but new; 'Tis my own Invention. How does it please you?

Fac. Wonderfully well.

Hil. It is well quarter'd.

Fac. We want a Herald to blazon it.

Beat. I never lik'd Suit better.

D. Boast. I am glad you all like it, for I wou'd not let my Taylor go, till I had got your Approbation. Hark you! How many Artists sat in Consultation about it?

Tayl. According to your Lordships Appointment, Twelve.

Fac. A Jury of Taylors to make up one Fool.

D. Boast. How make you up the Number?

Tayl. Four *French* Taylors.

Hil. Why four *French*?

D. Boast. Because they are the best *Mathematicians* at Cutting out. Go on——

Tayl. Three *Spanish.*

Fac. Why *Spanish?*

D. Boast. Auh! Their deliberation in proceeding does much. They set not a Stich without Thought, and their Gravity is a good Allay for the *French* Mercury. It gives Fixation to their volatile Spirits. Proceed——

Tayl. Two *Italians,* one *German,* and one *Polander.*

Beat. And why those my Lord?

D. Boast. Because I pass'd through their Countries in my

Travels, and have here ſomething of the beſt of all their Garbs.

Hil. Good.

D. Boaſt. In this Suit Ladies, you may read all the Countries of my Travels; I deſign'd it on purpoſe, to give the World Intelligence where I have been.

Hil. I vow 'twas a pretty Contrivance——

Fac. Yes very Ingenious.——

Tayl. And to make the Number, the Twelfth was an *Engliſh*man, and that my ſelf.

D. Boaſt. Go thy ways, and carry thy Bill to my Steward, and bid him pay thee thy Money.

Tayl. I thank your Lordſhip. [*Ex.* Taylor.

Fac. Now do I wiſh to be well quit of him.

Hil. Go you in, and I'le endeavour to detain him.

D. Boaſt. Going away, 'tis Unkind not to take me with you.

Fac. I am going about a ſmall Affair my Maid tells me of.

Hil. Accept of my Company till ſhe returns. } *Exeunt* Fac. *and* Beat.

D. Boaſt. Oh Madam, 'Tis moſt agreeable.

Hil. I wou'd it were my Lord. [*Sighes.*

D. Boaſt. Why ſigh you, Madam?

Hil. Wou'd I was as handſome as my Cozen.

D. Boaſt. You are, Lady.

Hil. And as good a Fortune too.

D. Boaſt. Your Fortune is large, your Uncle tells me.

Hil. But not anſwerable to hers. I wou'd it was.

D. Boaſt. Repine not Fair one.

Hil. Hi ho!

D. Boaſt. Pray why ſigh you ſo?

Hil. I wiſh my Lord.

D. Boaſt. What pretty one? ——

Hil. That you had never ſeen my Cozen.

D. Boaſt. Why?

Hil. Becauſe I think ſhe'l love you.——

D. Boast. And I'le love her——I

Hil. But I wish you'd love some body else. } *All* Muchw. Jacinta.

D. Boast. And why do you wish it?

Hil. Because a Friend of mine loves you.

D. Boast. You mock me. Ha, ha, ha.

Hil. No my Lord, 'tis too true—— That you may know I do not, I can't tell you of more than one that loves you passionately.

D. Boast. I must confess it has been my Fortune to be belov'd by considerable Persons, in all places where-ever I have travell'd—— At *Rome* the *Pope*'s Neice fell in Love with me, and sent me her Picture richly set in Jewels. In *Tuscany* the Grand Duke's Sister. I cou'd tell you something of an Intrigue with the *Sultana*, when I was at *Constantinople*, but it is something incredible.

Hil. Nay, I have reason to believe it, for no Woman sees you without some concern; even in this very Street lyes a young Lady that has Forty thousand Pounds to her Portion, and she but saw you pass along the Street once or twice, as you came hither, and is falne in Love with you: And hearing of your pretensions here, is since falne sick, and has kept her Bed these two' dayes.

D. Boast. I protest I am sorry; but is she so great a Fortune.

Hil. My Uncle knows her, and all her Concerns as to those things.

D. Boast. Humh——

Hil. I cou'd tell you of some body else too. But 'tis not convenient.

D. Boast. That's her self—— this may be worth enquiry.

Enter Muchworth.

Muchw. My Lord, my Lawyer's within; if you please, we will look o're some Particulars of your Estate, that we may forward the Settlement of a Joynter for my Daughter.

D. Boast. I have some reason to think, she and I may not

diſagree. Your Servant Lady. [*Ex.* Muchw. & D. Boaſt.

Enter Jacinta.

Jac. I had not return'd to you, but that I ſaw my Father come this way.

Hil. You miſs'd the Relation of his forreign Amours: But I have perſwaded his Lordſhip, that you and I are in love with him, and that a great Fortune has kept her Bed this two dayes, hearing he pretends to you——

Jac. And is ſick for love of him.

Hil. Yes! he believes it.

Jac. He's a moſt credulous Coxcomb—— But ſhould he find you out to be a Lyar.

Hil. Not a greater than himſelf, he cannot I am ſure!

Jac. How can'ſt thou in Conſcience make ſuch a Fool of him.

Hil. Heav'n ordain'd every thing for ſome uſe or another; and he can ſerve for no other than our Paſtime.

Enter Careleſs.

Carel. Ha! theſe are they!

Jac. Here comes Mr. *Lovell*'s Friend.

Carel. Now which of e'm is ſhe that I am in love with?

Jac. He's at a ſtand.

Hil. He'd fain know me agen; but prithee take up a Brisk Humor, and let's try to puzzle him.

Jac. No! Prithee let's go in.

Carel. What, are you upon this Wing? Do you come out a Grazing like Rabbets juſt at the Burrows mouth; that as ſoon as any body comes, you may pop into your Holes agen.

Hil. We had need be watchful; when ſuch Pochers as you are abroad.

Carel. Your watchfulneſs ſignifies little: I come now like a Ferret to creep into your Holes, and ſcare you out of your Burrows.

Jac. But if inſtead of a Burrow, you ſhou'd run into a Warreners Trap.

Hil. And that you may eaſily do; for we are no Out-lying Conies, we keep within Heart of the Warren.

Carel. I, but I know your Muſees, your In-lets, and Out-lets, and where-ever the Rabbets paſs, the Ferret or Weezel may venture. You ſee I come juſt to the ſame place; 'twas here you pop't in from me before; but now I am got between you and the Hedge.

Jac. But how do you know that we are the ſame Pair?

Hil. And which of us is it that was too nimble for you?

Jac. You had beſt have a care on which you adventure, for in ſuch caſes, you ought not to ſpoyl your Friend's Game.

Carel. 'Tis one of you!

Hil. I ſee you are no good Hound. You can't follow the Scent well.

Carel. Many a good-Nos'd Dog is at a loſs when the Scent is croſs'd; but if I catch one, and my Friend another, if we are miſtaken, let him ſay which is his, and wee'l make a change.

Jac. But which of us two, do you think, wou'd fall to your ſhare.

Carel. I' Gad I do'nt know.

Hil. Do'nt you know a woman's Face when you ſee't a ſecond time——

Carel. She ſhow'd it with ſuch a *Leger-De-Maine*, her Maſque was no ſooner off, than on again; and ſhe was gone.

[*Paſs.*

Jac. Obſerve us well.

Carel. Let me ſee—— Faith not I—— If you had your Maſques on, I ſhould know her from a thouſand, at the very ſight of her Vizard, my Heart wou'd go Pitty-pat.

Hil. If you are ſo in Love with the complexion of Velvet, you ſhou'd have a *Negra* for your Miſtreſs.

Carel. There is Beauty in Black; Why elſe do Ladies put on Patches? And ſome love Black-hair better than Light, and why not Black Faces as well.

Jac. But you'd be for a White one at this time, if you knew but which was under the Vizard.

Hil. 'Tis well for us he does not, for then he'd pretend Love to one of us.

Carel. Gad but I wou'd not to you, nor ne'r a Woman in the World.

Jac. I dare swear you wou'd.

Carel. Perhaps I might make you believe I was in Love with you.

Hil. No, that you cou'd ne're do.

Carel. Why, don't you think your selves handsome enough to be lov'd?

Jac. Yes; but we think you have more Wit.

Carel. What, then to love one of you.

Hil. Yes, or any body else that is never like to love you agen.

Carel. Are you an Enemy to me or to Love?

Hil. To love. I think it is a very foolish thing.

Carel. But 'tis Marriage makes it so. Give me Love as Nature made it, Free and Unconfin'd. —— Observe but Mistress, and Gallant: How Brisk, how Gay, how Fierce they are in their Amours! Whil'st Marriage-love comes like a Slave loaden with Fetters, dull and out of humour.

Hil. For my part, I am rather for a Gallant than a Husband.

Jac. So am I clearly——

Carel. 'Tis well dissembl'd on one side; one of you I am sure speaks against her Conscience, but if you are as you say, you'r Girles for me.

Jac. What both?

Carel. Both, I gad both——

Hil. Hold, one's enough; and if you'l be a Gallant to one of us, we expect you shou'd be constant.

Carel. That Circumstance makes it too like Marriage.

Hil. The Constancy is while you pretend; not but that either Mistress or Gallant may choose elsewhere, but they must love but one at once.

Jac.

Jac. But which of us will you choose?

Carel. Faith I'le be for her I talk'd to in the Masque.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Madam! Dinner's on the Table.

Jac. Already.

Beat. My Master has call'd for't, he's in haste to go out. [*Ex.* Beat.

Hil. We come: Well Sir, when you find which of us two is she; claim her for your Mistress.

Carel. Adieu.

Hil. Come *Hilaria*. [*Ex.* Jac. Hil.

Carel. Ha! *Hilaria*, i'faith, that's she. But they are gone. *Jacinta* I remember, is the Name of *Lovell*'s Mistress, till now I fancy'd the other was she, because she was more brisk and airy. Well, I'le find out my Friend, and we'l give a visit in the Afternoon.

If for a Wife my Liberty I loose,
One of these Two shou'd catch me in a Noose. [Exeunt.

Ends the Second Act.

The Third Act.

Enter Muchworth, Jacinta, Hilaria.

Muchw. YOur Joynture is agreed on; and Directions are given for the Drawing of the Writings; therefore put things in readiness, and dispose your self for Marriage; for it must be within a day or two.

Jac. Sure Sir, if you lov'd me, you'd not be so hasty to be rid of me.

Muchw. It is the great Care and Love I have for thee, makes me

me ſolicitous to ſee thee well-diſpos'd. My Lord is a Perſon of Worth and Honour, and thou wilt be happy in his Love; *Jacinta* thou'lt be a Lady———

Jac. My Lord merits, I queſtion not, a Wife much above me in Deſert; But how do you think I can on the ſudden, reſolve to leave the Family of him that got me, bred me, and brought me up to what I am.

Muchw. Your Mother did the ſame before You; and for this thou haſt had all thy Education: This is the laſt great Act a Father can do for his Child; in this his Care ends, and when we give a Daughter in Marriage, 'tis ſuppos'd, we give her to more than a Father, for ſuch is a Husband; Husband and Wife are one.

Hil. That rule Uncle, won't hold in *Arithmetick*, for according to the firſt principle, one and one make two.

Muchw. Mad-cap Neice, meddle with your own matters. Let me ſee———

Hil. Nay Uncle, ner'e put on your Conſidering-Cap, for an Anſwer. What I ſay is true; and I'le give you a further Demonſtration, that Man and Wife are not one: For in this Age they are ſeldom, or never together; the Man's in one place, and the Wife in another. as far aſunder as ever they can get. And you know it is impoſſible for one and the ſame thing to be at the ſame time in ſeveral places.

Muchw. She has a very unhappy Wit. I am glad, Daughter, that you are going from her, for ſhe's enough to ſpoil all the Young Women ſhe meets with; but I hope ſhe'l have a Husband will meet with her.

Hil. Never of your Chooſing, Uncle.

Muchw. Likely ſo, for you'r Hair-brain'd enough, to do things of your own Head. But your Father when he Dy'd, left you to my Care, and bid that you ſhou'd be Rul'd by me; and if you are not, your Diſobedience will come home to you one day or other.

Hil. This is but talk. Do you think, Uncle, I han't as much Wit to chooſe a Husband as you?

Muchw. Well, well, follow your own Courſe; but I hope you'l

you'l get a Husband one day will Cudgel your Bones for you.——

Hil. But Uncle, it is not now as it was in your young dayes, Women then were poor sneaking sleepish Creatures. But in this Age, we know our own strength, and have wit enough to make use of our Talents. If I meet with a Husband makes my Heart ake, I'le make his Head ake I'le warrant him.

Muchw. Nay, I am apt enough to believe one house will be too hot to hold you long. I doubt not but your Husband (who e're he has the ill fortune to be so) will in a short time be as weary of you as I am.

Hil. If he shou'd prove but half so ill-natur'd as you are (which certainly no Young Man can) I'd swear my self a Virgin, and consequently, Sue a Divorce against him for Impotency.

Muchw. I must be gone, this Wench will never hold her prattle; she'd out-talk e'm at a Bake-house. [*Ex.* Muchw.

Fac. Well, thou'rt a mad Wench to talk so.

Hil. Pish! I'le have Women say and do what they will: Have not we Rational Souls as well as Men; what made Women Mopes in former Ages, but being rul'd by a company of old Men and Women: Dotage then was counted Wisdom, and formerly call'd Gravity and good Behaviour.

Fac. What can'st thou advise me to in this extremity. I hate this Foolish Lord.

Hil. Let him know your Mind, and if he won't believe you, tell him he's an Unmannerly Fool.

Fac. If I break with him, my Father will conclude I affect Mr. *Lovell*, and to cross me, never consent I shou'd have him; And he's the only Man I can Love.

Hil. See! he's here, and our Gallant with him; wee'l conspute the Business with them.

Enter Lovell, Careless.

Fac. Mr. *Lovell*, how durst you venture here.

Lov. This Gentleman told me your Father was to go abroad

this Afternoon; and by his persuasion and my own Inclinations, we adventur'd to wait on you, and just as we came into the Street, my Lord and he pass'd by us in a Coach.

Hil. And who sent for you Gallant?

Carel. I hope, Madam, you'l allow a man to look after his Heart when 'tis gone a'stray.

Hil. You cou'd not find it the last time you were here.

Carel. You conspir'd to juggle me on't; but I know well enough which of you had it.

Jac. You are beholding to Mr. *Lovell* for your Knowledg.

Lov. No, Madam, upon my word, but he has told me his Adventures.

Carel. Well, Madam; I hope you'l stand to your Bargain.

Hil. We are no Flinchers; wee'l not be worse than our words.

Carel. Well then, you I challenge for my Mistress; you were the Lady I talk'd to in the Masque.

Jac. I am not her I'le assure you—— } Carel. *takes* Jac. *by the hand.*

Carel. I am well assur'd it cou'd be none but you; I knew it when I was here before, tho' I did not then own it.

Jac. Take my word Sir.

Carel. Lord that you shou'd think to deceive me; why all the while I was in the Company before, my Heart beat all on that side you stood, and my Cheek next you burnt and glo'de.

Hil. Ha, ha, 'slife he has not found it out yet.

Carel. Ha!

Lov. No, I'le be swore *Careless* han't you.

Carel. I'le be sworn Madam, *Hilaria* was the Person.

Hil. Ha, ha, ha: But that's my Cozen *Jacinta.*

Carel. No, no, no, did not you call her *Hilaria* as you went in.

Hil. } Ha, ha, ha!
Jac. }

Hil. I thought how well you know, and did that on purpose to try you—— *Carel.*

Carel. Ba——

Lov. Now *Careless* thou art caught——

Carel. What wou'd I give now to come handsomely off: I must be impudent: Well, Madam, to let you see that I did, go both of you out of the Room, and come in Masqu'd, and if I don't choose the Right, I'le be content to resigne the Hopes of a Mistress.

Jac. There is but right and wrong.

Carel. To give you a greater Proof on't, I'le make my choice Blind-fold.

Hil. 'Twill still be an even Wager that you hit on the right.

Lov. Careless, thou art Out-witted i'faith.

Hil. Servant, our Covenant is voyd for Non-performance of the Conditions.

Carel. But calling of me Servant after the Condition is broken, is a Confirmation, and will make it stand good in Law.

Lov. No *Careless*, that Quirk won't do neither.

Carel. But Madam, I hope you'l give a man leave to retreat, when he finds his Errour; your self occasion'd the Mistake, 'twas an Errour of my Hand, not of my Heart, for at the same time, I told you *Hilaria* was she, and you are *Hilaria*, Therefore 'twas you I meant.

Hil. Yes, yes, 'twas me you meant; when your Cheek glo'd, and your Heart beat on the left side!

Hil. } Ha, ha, ha.
Jac. }

Jac. Cozen, you are too great a Tyrant.

Lov. You pursue your Victory too severely; 'tis generous to give the Vanquish'd quarter.

Hil. I do more; I give him Liberty to make his retreat.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Ah Madam, your Father has met with his Lawyers

Clark, who told him his Master was not at home, and he's return'd already.

Jac. Convey Mr. *Lovell* out quickly Sir; will you go with him?

Beat. 'Tis not possible, Madam, he's just coming into the Room.

Jac. What shall we do?

Enter Muchworth.

Muchw. Ha! Mr. *Lovell*—— Daughter, I see you observe my Commands well: Sir, I beseech you, What makes you here?

Lov. Sir, I come to wait on my Friend.

Carel. Yes Sir, I had much adoe to perswade him; but considering the bus'ness I came about, requir'd some Body to give you an Account of me, which none cou'd do better than he, he did adventure to trespass on you to serve me.

Muchw. What Bus'ness, pray Sir!

Hil. Ay, what indeed?

Carel. It was my Fortune twice or thrice, to have a sight of your fair Niece, as she went abroad.

Jac. Sure he's not so mad to tell him.

Carel. To whom, Sir, I took so great a liking, that Day nor Night, I cou'd not rest, till I had found who she was, and where she liv'd, which I had no sooner done, but engag'd him to come along with me, to acquaint you who I am, and what my Fortunes are, hoping to gain your leave, to make my Addresses to this fair Lady——

Lov. This I hope Sir, will gain me your Pardon.

Muchw. Do you, Sir, know this Gentleman——

Lov. Yes, his Name is *Careless*, I believe, Sir, you might know his Father.

Muchw. I did so, he was a worthy Gentleman; 'tis now some eight years since he dy'd.

Carel. 'Tis so long; peace be with him.

Muchw. He left some Twelve hundred a Year to his Son, then not at Age.

Lov. This Gentleman is that Son.

Muchw. But has he that Estate?

Carel. Every Acre, Sir.

Muchw. I heard you were a little wild.

Carel. I have my Froliques as most young Men have—— but I keep my Estate out of the Devil's Clutches; I have yet not sold one Foot of Land, or cut down one Stick of Wood.

Muchw. Nay Sir, if you were as wild as wild could be, you'd meet with your Match there; my Niece is as wild as you can be, she's Vain, Idle, Careless, and Talkative.

Hil. Uncle, you shou'd do in driving Bargains for Marriage as they do in Selling of Horses; tell their good Qualities, and leave it to 'em to find out the ill.

Muchw. These are Faults will be discover'd in you at first sight.

Hil. Sir, I hope you'l like me ne're the worse for what he sayes.

Muchw. Instead of his getting you for a Wife, you intend to get him for a Husband.

Hil. It is more to the humour of the Age; if you won't commend me, I'le commend my self; and if I thought but half so well of him as Id' of my self, wee'd soon shake hands for to have and to hold without your leave.

Muchw. You see her humour Sir, if after this you dare venture on her, I shall not counsel her against you; provided what Mr. *Lovel* and your self say be confirm'd by good Authors; for I wish her well Marry'd.

Hil. Stay Uncle, now I think on't, you may take him with you. Marriage is quite out of Fashion, and I hate to be out of it, as much as you do to be in't; if he had Ten or Twelve Thousand a year, would keep me a Coach and six Horses, and all things suitable to that Grandeur, I might admit him as a Gallant, and all that——

Muchw. I'le leave you to her; at this mad rate she talks all the Year round. [*Ex.* Muchw.

Lov. I did not think *Careless*, thou had'st had a Lye so much at command. [D. Boast. *with a Letter.*

Carel. It was to ſerve my Friend and theſe Ladies.

Hil. But the Jeſt wou'd be, if your Lye ſhould prove true, and you ſhou'd play ſuch a Simple trick, as to fall in Love with me indeed and indeed.

Carel. Make your own words true, and accept me for a Gallant, I know not what may follow——

Hil. But you know what you muſt have firſt—— A huge Eſtate; but becauſe you brought us ſo handſomely off: There's my Hand to Kiſs, and I confer on you the Title of my Servant.

Jac. He cur'd a preſent Evil. I wiſh he cou'd as eaſily divert what I fear will follow.

Carel. Madam, we muſt court Fortune as we do a Miſtreſs; never leave her when ſhe's in a good humor. Let's hear your Grievance:

Jac. 'Tis the Match my Father drives on ſo eagerly with that Lord.

Carel. Will he not be ſatisfi'd, if you tell him you can't love him.

Hil. Hee'l not take that Anſwer from her, nor ne'r a Woman alive.

Jac. He thinks we are both in love with him.

Hil. Since Dinner I writ a Love-Letter to him; I have made him believe too, that the Rich Heireſs that lodges in this ſtreet languiſhes for him.

Jac. And he pitties her extreamly.

Carel. Hark you *Lovel*; Let's put him upon courting this Great Fortune.

Lov. But it may be he'l not quit his hold here.

Carel. For ſo great an Advantage he may: And it muſt be your parts, Ladies, to give him ſufficient grounds to conclude, that neither of you love him.

Hil. Let us alone to give him proof of that.

Carel. Then we will contrive to bring him in Diſgrace with your Father. Lady of the Bed-chamber, you muſt act a part in our Comedy, attend us to the Door; you ſhall receive Inſtructions as we goe. [*Ex.* Carel. Lov. Beat.

Enter

Enter Muchworth, De Boaſtado.

Fac. Here's my Father; let us retreat and conſult about our Affairs.

D. Boaſt. You know this Lady I ſuppoſe.

Muchw. I have ſeen her: But I am very well acquainted with her Uncle.

D. Boaſt. And has ſhe ſo great a Fortune?

Muchw. Yes, it lies in the three Banquers hands we were but now ſpeaking of.

D. Boaſt. I know it does; for when I parted with you, I made enquiry, and they confirm'd it: She lodges in the middle of this ſtreet. Mrs. *Rich* is her Name.

Muchw. Right: But my Lord, do you think ſhe has ſo great a Kindneſs for you?

D. Boaſt. I ſpeak not without good Reaſon; and were I not Engag'd by Love and Honour to your Daughter, I wou'd make an Attempt.

Muchw. Her Uncle truſts her not out of his ſight.

D. Boaſt. I cou'd find ways to ſpeak to her, but I prize Mrs. *Facinta* above all Women. Tho' there are others have no ſmall Kindneſs for my Perſon, and one you know too; but ſhe ſhall be nameleſs; yet I'le ſhew you what a paſſionate Letter ſhe ſent me. You ſhall hear it.

Reads. My Lord:

Your Perſon is ſo Taking, and your Obligements ſo conquering, that no Woman living, and you beholding, can reſiſt Loving: Therefore ſince of this you are knowing; I doubt not your pardoning her, that with Bluſhing tells you her Ailing; the Joy of whoſe being, is, when you and ſhe is ſeeing: Your's remaining for Everlaſting.

Muchw. This is a very Odd ſtrayne.

D. Boaſt. Ah, 'tis very Amorous, and I pitty the Lady for your ſake.

Muchw. Is ſhe Related to me!

D. Boaſt. The firſt Letter of her Name is *Hilaria.*

Muchw. My Niece, this is ſome Trick of hers; but I dare not tell

tell him he's abus'd, leſt he ſhould take it ill, and think my Daughter had a hand in't—— But of all that love you, your Lordſhip can have but one.

D. Boaſt. True; yet 'twou'd vex a Man to Diſcard Trumps, but 'tis a forc't Put: This I tell you, to give you a Proof of my Love for your Daughter. I know poor Thing ſhe loves Me.

Hilaria and *Facinta* appears.

Fac. My Lord! You'r a happy Man, we have over-heard your Amours.

D. Boaſt. I did not think you had been ſo nigh.

Fac. Without Doubt, you were wrapt in your Mothers Smock.

Hil. Hey—— Ho!

D. Boaſt. Obſerve that Sigh, and how ſhe eyes me. Lady you'r Melancholy.

Hil. You call'd my Thoughts from a pleaſing Contemplation. I was thinking——

D. Boaſt. Of what Madam? ——

Hil. Of you my Lord.

D. Boaſt. I ſaw you look wiſhly on Me.

Hil. I was thinking what good Eyes your Lordſhip has.

Fac. O fine Eyes! if they ſtood but more out, and were not ſunck in's head, like Candle-Snuffs in their Sockets.

Hil. And did not ſquint ſo much.

D. Boaſt. Mine, mine Ladies.

Muchw. Why Baggages.

Fac. He has a handſome Noſe too.

Hil. Was it not an Inch too ſhort.

Fac. And turn'd up at the end with the Air of a French Dog.

D. Boaſt. How's this?

Muchw. Why Girls, what mean you?

Hil. Pretty good Cheeks—— Were they not ſo lean and pale!

Fac. And fal'n in for want of Side-Teeth.

Muchw. The Devil's in e'm both.

Fac. A handſome Mouth were it not ſo wide.

Hil.

Hil. And his Lips not so Thin and Blewish——

D. Boast. I am abus'd. [*Call* Beatrice.

Muchw. Have done, or I'le lay my Staff about your ears.

Fac. His Gums not so worn away.

Hil. And his Teeth not so rotten.

Fac. His Mouth not so furrid.

Hil. His Breath not so scented with the *French* Hogo.

D. Boast. Disgrace to my Dignity.

Muchw. They are Mad, Distracted. They know not what they doe.

Hil. He's Leather-jaw'd—— Chap-falne.

Fac. And has a Swarthy, Tawny, Tallow Complexion.

Muchw. Peace, and have done in the Devil's name.

Fac. In fine, was your Lordship but ten times as handsom, you'd be a pretty well-favour'd Man.

Hil. And fit to be lov'd by a Woman of Sixty and upwards.

D. Boast. Intolerable, insufferable, insupportable!

Muchw. Ho! Within there!

Enter Beatrice.

[*Bring Napkins and stop their Mouths.*]

Beat. What's the matter?

Muchw. You Huswifes you, say you are Mad, say you are Drunk, or any thing; or I'le swinge you.

Hil. No, no, Uncle; We are neither mad nor drunk.

Muchw. Husie; your Reason for this.

Fac. Why does he make his Brags that we are in Love with him, and so fond of his Company?

Hil. We have given him Proofs of our Kindness. In Love with him!

Muchw. Get you up to your Chambers; Go! Husbands; Halters you deserve—— [*Hil. Fac.* Ex.

Have Patience, be pacified, the Baggages shall down on their knees to you.

D. Boast. Ha, ha, ha! This is only to blind you. Ha, ha, ha, 'Twas your Nieces Frolick; they love me as they love their own eyes—— and because I told you on't—— Ha, ha, ha—— See what tricks they play to cozen you, ha, ha, ha.

Muchw. I'le instantly know the truth on't, or—— [*Ex.* Muchw.

D. Boast. Henceforward, I will hate their whole Sex for their sakes, I will defame the Living, revile the Dead, and leave a Curse to the Generation of Females to come.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. My Lord, my Lord——

D. Boast. Avoid thou She-Devil; thou art a Satan in Petticoats.

Beat. Ah my Lord; if you knew my Errand, you'd say I was an Angel; I have such News for your Lordship.

D. Boast. News! What is't?

Beat. If a Woman might but trust your Lordship with her Secrets.

D. Boast. I hope she's in love with me; she's a Bit will serve to stay a mans stomach when he's a hungry. What Secrets Pretty *Beatrice?* Dost thou love me?

Beat. Ah dearly, dearly, my Lord—— But——

D. Boast. But you are asham'd to tell me your mind.

Beat. I am afraid——

D. Boast. Thou should'st have a great Belly——

Beat. No, my Lord, that you shou'd tell——

D. Boast. No: I'le tell no body; go, go up to your Chamber, and I'le steal after you——

Beat. No my Lord, I can do the Business here——

D. Boast. Art thou a Virgin?

Beat. As to Deeds a very Innocent; but in Words and Thoughts, I have been a little waggish.

D. Boast. Come into the next Room.

Beat. No, no, I am only to tell you——

D. Boast. No matter for telling, we will talk afterwards.

Beat. See this Gold, my Lord, here are Twenty pieces.

D. Boast. And you wou'd have as much more.

Beat. I shall deserve it.

D. Boast. Wilt thou go then, go.

Beat. This Gold my Lord was given me.

D. Boast. For that, that thou hast more mind I should have.

Beat.

Beat. No, my Lord, it was given me to betray my Miſtreſs.

D. Boaſt. Hau—— Who has Plots upon her Body?

Beat. No body; it was given me to deprive her of you, my Lord.

D. Boaſt. What mean'ſt thou?

Beat. To tell your Lordſhip that—— But I am ſo afraid, you ſhoud tell agen.

D. Boaſt. I'le be ſecret on my Honour.

Beat. That there is a rich Heireſs not far off in love with your Lordſhip.

D. Boaſt. Humh—— And is not this a Plot laid——

Beat. Yes, my Lord, 'tis a Plot laid.

D. Boaſt. To betray me——

Beat. Yes, my Lord——

D. Boaſt. And you'l diſcover it.

Beat. To none but your Lordſhip: It is to betray you, but will your Lordſhip be ſure not to ſpeak on't agen?

D. Boaſt. I will not.

Beat. To betray your Lordſhip into a Marriage with this great Fortune.

D. Boaſt. How!

Beat. I am to tell her Name too, and how you ſhall come to ſee her, for all the Dragon her Uncle; and how you ſhall ſteal a Marriage and all.

D. Boaſt. What ſay'ſt thou *Beatrice*?

Beat. Nothing but truth: Her Name is Mrs. *Rich*, ſhe lives in this ſtreet, and is ſick in Bed for love of you. She ſent for me and gave me this Gold, with promiſe of much more, if I wou'd be true to her, and acquaint you with her Condition; and be inſtrumental in helping her to ſee you——

D. Boaſt. How *Beatrice*; may I come to the ſight of her.

Beat. She has brib'd her Phyſician to joyn in the Conſpiracy; he will pretend to bring an able Doctor of his Acquaintance to ſee her, that with him he may conſult of her Diſeaſe and Cure. You are to be this Phyſician, and the Perſon in the habit of an Apothecary—— which you are to provide, for we know none.

D. Boaſt. Let me alone for that!

Beat. Then if your Lordſhip like her; you may there Marry her.

D. Boaſt. A very neat Invention! Oh ſubtile Woman!

Beat. This my Lord was my Plot.

D. Boaſt. 'Tis well laid.

Beat. She has promis'd I ſhall live with her when I am Marry'd.

D. Boaſt. Thou ſhalt—— But *Beatrice*, thou'lt keep thy Maiden for me, wilt thou not.

Beat. If I find you can keep Secrets; I will truſt your Lordſhip with any thing.

D. Boaſt. I know thou did'ſt love me better than thy Miſtreſs, or her Flirking Cozen—— Well, were it not for what thou haſt told me, their Affronts wou'd drive me to my Country-Houſe; where I'd live like a Hermit, and leave half the Town languiſhing.

Beat. You wou'd leave my Lady a bleeding. But I hope your Lordſhip is better Natur'd, and more juſt, than to revenge the Faults of a few upon the whole Sex. I'le go put my Affairs in a poſture for my getting abroad to wait on your Lordſhip.

D. Boaſt. And I the mean time, will diſengage my ſelf from all concerns here, and to *Jacinta*'s Father reſign the Intereſt he gave me in her.

Beat. Go thy ways, Lord Credulous; how greedily he ſwallows the Bait with which he was caught before.

A Fool will often run into the Snare,
But once eſcap'd, the Wiſe-man does beware.

[Exeunt.

Ends the Third Act.

The Fourth Act. [*Hall continues.*

Enter De Boaſtado, Muchworth, Jacinta.

Muchw. COme Huſwife; ask Forgiveneſs. {*Threatens* Jac. *with his Cain.*

Jac. I have Sir.

Muchw. But on your Knees.

Jac. Sir.

Muchw. Quickly down; down on your Knees, Baggage.

Enter Hilaria *with a Cain in her Hand.*

Hil. Courage Cozen *Jacinta*, I am come to your aid: Look you Uncle, I have got as Tuff a Cain as your's.

Muchw. Get you out of my Doors Huſwife——So down, down on your Knees.

Jac. I do Sir—— [*Jac.* kneels.

Hil. Down, my Lord, Come you muſt down too.

D. Boaſt. Hold! hold! hold!

Muchw. Why Niece——

Hil. Nay, 'tis very true Uncle, if you lay't on there, I'le lay't on here with a Vengeance: Down on your Marry-Bones——

D. Boaſt. Why look you Lady to ſerve you—— [*D. Bo.* kneels.

Muchw. Get you out of my Doors; get you out of my Houſe.

Hil. Nay Uncle, keep off, I am reſolved to ſtand upon my Guard.

Muchw. Get you gone I ſay, and never come near me more.

Hil. But don't you think to Domineer when I am gone; if I hear you do, I'le have about too with you Uncle, as old a Cock of the Game as you are, I'le have a Sparring Blow too with you.

Enter Beatrice, *and* Toby *following in a Disguise, a Suit of Four Quarters, representing the Four Parts of the World; with his Head habited like a* Spaniard.

Beat. Here's a Stranger enquires for you my Lord.

Hil. Here's a *Cavilere* to Defend us, Cudgel lye thou there.

Tob. I am your Humble my Lord.

D. Boast. Sir, I am yours.

Tob. I have had the Honour to see your Lordship in many Countries abroad, and you appear'd so pleasing to me; That returning from Travel, I could not but take *England* in my way—— (Tho' I had formerly liv'd here six years) that I might receive the Honour of Kissing your hand; and making my self Familiar in your Lordships Acquaintance.

D. Boast. Which I covet abundantly. A Traveller cannot but be worthy my Knowledge. I venerate a Pilgrims Shooe as much as they do Saints, whose Shrines they go to visit, because it hath trod the Dust of many Countries; shall I beg Cognizance of your Name, *Signior.*

Tob. My Name is *Signior, Simplaio, Folio. Del no no, Witteſſo At-Allo.*

Muchw. Bless me!

Hil. The *Cohnis* Name is but Monosillable to this.

D. Boast. This is a noble Family as I take it.

Fac. And you are a great Fool for your pains.

Tob. 'Tis a very Noble one in *Spain.* I was borne at *Castile*, Christen'd at *Rome*, Educated in *Paris*, return'd to *Italy*, left my Virginity at *Venice*; Sayl'd from thence to *Constantinople*; Travell'd to *Jerusalem*, and there I first Shav'd my Beard.

Hil. Uncle, he may well have a long Name, that went as far as *Rome* to be Christen'd.

Muchw. He appears to be a great Traveller.

Fac. His Face shews it.

Hil. He has indeed a right Olive-Complexion; which is a sign he has much in the Sun.

Tob. My Lord, I hope you'l command my pardon for this Gentleman, and these Ladies, if my Respects to your Lordship makes me appear uncivil to them.

Muchw.

Muchw. Not in the leaſt—— My Lord merits all——

Tob. My Lord, don't you remember to have ſeen me in your Travels?

D. Boaſt. I begin to call you to mind, as I take it, I ſaw you in the Court of *Spain.*

Tob. Right, you did ſo; I was then playing a Game at Cheſs with the King!

D. Boaſt. And at *Vienna*, the Emperor's Court.

Tob. The Emperor and I, the firſt Morning I ſaw you there, were at Tennis: I remember I loſt a Sett for a thouſand Piſtols to ſatisfie my Curioſity of looking upon your Lordſhip; that was the ſecond time I had the Honour to ſee you.

Muchw. This is a Great Perſon; behave your ſelves with Reſpect. } *A Bottle of Sack, and Glaſs ready for* Beatrice.

D. Boaſt. And as I take it, I ſaw you as I Accompany'd Cardinal *Palavicina*, the *Popes* Nephew, to the Conſiſtory; I was at that time in his Coach.

Tob. I think you were; and I well remember, I Rid with his Holineſs in His—— And your Lordſhip gave me the Grace of a Bow, which I return'd your Lordſhip with ſo great Obeyſance, that had not his Holineſs caught hold on me behinds, I had tumbl'd out o'e the Boot of the Coach.

D. Boaſt. You did much Honour my Civilities.

Tob. Now we have encreas'd our Acquaintance, I'le obtrude the trouble on you, to go with me to Court ſome Day, and preſent me to the King, that I may have the Honour to kiſs his Hand.

D. Boaſt. I ſwell with the Ambition of waiting on ſo Noble a *Cavaliero*; Now I perfectly remember you.

Enter Lovel.

Lov. I beg your Pardon——

D. Boaſt. Sir, pray advance, here's only a Noble ſtranger, one that's a great Traveller, and of my former Acquaintance: He's worth your knowledge, O Sir *Cavilliero*; pray receive this Gentleman into your Armes.

Lov. Ha! ſure I know that Habit—— Ha—— Sirrah—— You Rogue, What make you here? *D. Boaſt.*

D.Boaſt. Sir! Your Language is too bold.

Muchw. You take too great a Liberty to affront any Man in my Houſe; beſides, he's a Man of Quality.

Lov. I'le fetch his Qualities out of him, with a Pox to him. [*Beats* Toby.

Tob. Ah good Sir, hold Sir, or you'l make a Diſcovery.

Lov. Ah Sir, I'le make you diſcover what Tricks you are playing here? [*Strikes him.*

D.Boaſt. } Hold, hold, Sir, hold——
Muchw. }

Tob. Ah, ah, Good Sir——Nay Sir—Good Sir—Pray good Maſter.

D.Boaſt. }
Muchw. } How!

Fac. }
Hil. } Ha, ha, ha, he!
Beat. }

Tob. Ah Sir, I ask you Forgiveneſs on my Knees.

Lov. Sirrah; what makes you loytering here, when I ſend you about Buſineſs?

Tob. Ah Lord Sir, I only put on your Maſquerading Suit to come to Mrs. *Beatrice* in, to ſee if ſhe cou'd know me!

Hil. } [*Knock ready.*
Fac. } Ha, ha, ha, he! *Toby*! Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Beat. }

Lov. I thought I ſhould find you here; go get you home you Rogue, go.

D.Boaſt. Wou'd I was gone too. [*Women laugh, Ha, ha, ha.*

Hil. My Lord, won't you follow, and wait on your *Cavaliero* to Kiſs the Kings hand; Ha, ha, ha——

D.Boaſt. Ha, ha, ha, ha—— [*A forc't Laugh.*

Fac. Your Lordſhip ſaw him in *Spain*, *Germany* and *Rome*; Ha, ha, ha.

Hil. And bow'd to him out of the Cardinal's Coach; Ha, ha, ha.

D.Boaſt. Ha, ha, ha;

Muchw. I am amaz'd; Ha, ha, ha——

Lov.

Lov. What mean you, Ladies?

D. Boaſt. Ladies, Gentlemen; a good Jeſt—— Ha, ha, ha—— Laugh at it, Ha, ha—— Laugh heartily, Ha, ha, ha.——

Jac. } Ha, ha, ha.
Beat. }

D. Boaſt. He's a witty Knave, Ha, ha, ha, my ſides will burſt with Laughing, Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. I am afraid the Rogue has play'd ſome Unlucky Trick——

D. Boaſt. No, no—— Ha, ha, ha, a Jeſt, a very good Jeſt, Ha, ha, ha; I proteſt my Laughing has made me Sick. I'le take my leave, Sir.

Muchw. Beatrice, fetch in a Bottle of Sack. My Lord, pray drink a Glaſs of Sack, if you'r not Well.

D. Boaſt. No matter.

Muchw. Oh, by all means! my Lord, how came you to be ſo miſtaken in him?

D. Boaſt. There was a Noble *Cavalier*, that I often met in my Travels Sir, like this Knave, Ha, ha, ha. I proteſt, I thought it had been he—— Well Sir, Your Man's a Witty Knave——

Lov. I am glad he has made you all Merry; I was afraid he had play'd the Rogue—— For which, I wou'd have ſo beat him—— My Lord, your Servant; your Servant Sir; Ladies your Servant—— [*Exeunt.*

Knocking at the Door.] [*Knocking within.*

Enter Beatrice.

Muchw. Come *Beatrice*, Fill my Lord a Glaſs of Sack. See who Knock's at the Door, *Beatrice.* [*D. Boaſt. drinks.*

Beat. Here's a Woman wou'd Speak with my Lord—— [Beat. *goes to the Door.*

Muchw. Bid Her come in.

Enter Mrs. Breedwell. } *Two Children.*
Jenny, Sarah. }

Breed. Ha! Have I found you at laſt? Are you come again, after ſo many Years Abſence? Cou'd you, wicked Man, think to Forſake me for ever?

D. Boaſt. What means the Woman!

Breed. Ah, Hard hearted Lord, You know well enough what I mean! Can you ſee me, and not Bluſh? Was it for this, that you pretended Love to me, and caus'd my Poor Parents to break off my Marriage with the *Vicar's* Son? And did you Marry me your ſelf, only to leave me, and make me Wretched?

Muchw. How's this?

Jac. } Marry'd!
Hil. }

D. Boaſt. Woman! what in the Devil's name doſt thou mean?

Breed. I mean, your going away, and leaving of me—— After you had Marry'd me: aſſoon as you ſaw me with Child, you pretended Buſineſs to *London*: You left me Money to keep me Six Months, but before the time expir'd, you ran beyond Sea, without letting me know whether you were gone; not ſending me any thing to Maintain me in that Condition: And to encreaſe my Misfortunes, I had two Children at a Birth.

Muchw. Does not your Lordſhip know me?

D. Boaſt. An impudent Quean! I never ſaw her before. I know her not.

Breed. Not know your own Wife! Shameleſs Lord! You are a Diſhonour to the Womb that bare you: Have my Cares and Miſeries this Seven years ſo alter'd me, that you don't know me? Yes, You know me, but you won't. Ah that I had never known you, then I ſhou'd not have known Sorrow: You were in Hopes it would brake my Heart; but I live to plague you.

Jac. Alas poor Woman!

Breed. Heav'n help us poor Wretches, if we muſt have ſuch hard Fortune! To be forſaken by our Husbands, and left without Money in our Pocket, Cloaths to the back, and Meat or Drink for the Belly.

D. Boaſt. The Womans Diſtracted; ſend her to Bedlam.

Muchw. The Woman talks ſenſibly.

Breed. Ah! How doſt think I have maintain'd my ſelf, and theſe Two poor Children, theſe ſix Years and more: E'en with the Work of my own Hands—— God help me. [*Cries.*

Hil. Alas poor Woman!

Jac.

Jac. It grieves me to ſee her Weep.

Muchw. What ſhou'd this mean?

Hil. It appears by the Story, that ſhe's his Wife!

Knock here. *D. Boaſt.* Not my Wife, I proteſt. [*Knocking at Door.*
Beat. Here's another Woman with Child enquires for my Lord.

Enter Clappam, Tommie, *a Child as out of Breath.*

Clap. Let me come in—— Hau, hau—— I am almoſt dead; I am out of Breath—— Oh wicked man; it is after you, that I run thus up and down, Hau, hau, hau—— But now I have found you, you ſhall not eſcape me.

D. Boaſt. What mean'ſt thou now?

Clap. I mean to croſs your Marriage; you thought I was dead, or far enough from *England*, ne'r to trouble you more, Did you?

Muchw. What's your Buſineſs?

Clap. Ah that Wretch of a Husband there; that Unnatural Wretch; he Sold his own Wife, Sold his Child, Sold his own Fleſh and Bloud.

Muchw. This is ſome Miſtake.

Hil. Are you his Wife?

Clap. Yes Madam, he Marryed me, and carried me from my Friends; he carry'd me with him beyond Sea, and when he got me there, and I began to grow Big with Child, he pretended to ſend me by Sea to *England*—— To live with my Friends till he return'd—— But inſtead of that, I was carried to *Japan*; he had Sold me to the Maſter of the Ship, who was a *Dutch-man*: he Sold me, and this poor Child that was in my Belly, to Slavery and Bondage.

Breed. Which do you ſay is your Husband?

Clap. E'en this; this is he, let him deny't if he can.

Breed. No, 'tis I am his Wife.

Clap. You his Wife too! What, has the Wretch two Wives? That will Hang him.

Breed. Hang him; no, you'r none of his Wife.

Clap. Yes, he is my Husband.

Breed. I ſay, he is my Husband, and I can prove it.

D. Boaſt. Are ye both poſſeſt? I am Husband to neither of Ye.

Breed. We have been Marry'd this Seven Years.

Clap. It is Six, ſince he Marry'd me.

Breed. Is this true, you wicked Lord?

D. Boaſt. Yes, yes, one's as true as the other.

Breed. Ah ſhameleſs Man! Doſt thou confeſs thou haſt Two Wives? Come hither little *Jenny*, come hither *Sarah*; Look you, theſe are the Fruits of our Marriage.

Clap. And here's my Child too.

Breed. Look here upon theſe Two ſweet Babies.

Clap. And look here too: here's thy own Fleſh and Bloud which thou did'ſt ſo Barberouſly ſell.

D. Boaſt. Never were two ſuch impudent Carrions ſeen.

Hil. They are as like you, my Lord——

Breed. Yes Lady, and ſo they are.

Jac. This has the very Eyes and Mouth of him; he is ſo like his Lordſhip——

Muchw. They are ſweet Children indeed.

D. Boaſt. Ye all dream; they are neither Like me, nor Pretty, nor Nothing.

Breed. Kneel *Jenny*, kneel down little *Sarah*, and ask Father Bleſſing; and let's ſee if he can be ſo Unnatural to Diſowne you.

Clap. And do you kneel *Tommie*, ask Bleſſing; 'tis thy own Daddy.

3 *Child.* Father, Father, Father——

D. Boaſt. The Devil take you for Whore's-Birds——

3 *Child.* Father, Father, Father——

Breed. Don't you think to be gone, and Leave them; I'le follow you, and Proclaime it to all the World.

Clap. And I'le haunt you where-e're you go; I'le be ſatisfi'd, if ſhe is your Wife too: and if I find it true, I'le have Recourſe to Juſtice; you ſhall be hang'd, if all the Law in *England* will hang you, for having Two Wives.

3 *Child.* Father, Father——

Breed.

Breed. } Juſtice, Juſtice, Juſtice, *&c.*
Clap. }

D.Boaſt. Father, Father, Father, *&c.* { *D.Bo.Breed.Clap.* } *Run*
Beat. Now muſt I beſtir my ſelf. { 3 *Children, Beat.* } *out.*

Muchw. I am ſo amaz'd, I know not what to think of all that we have ſeen, and heard.

Jac. They are both his Wives for certain.

Hil. This wou'd have been a fine Husband for my Cozen. Now Uncle, Are you not beholden to Fortune, or your Wiſdome, for her Deliverance? Cozen, let me chooſe a Husband for you the next time.

Muchw. Jacinta, be not rul'd by her, nor hearken to her Counſel; but on all occaſions, ſhew all ready Complyance to my Commands; for your Niece may ſtay in my Houſe. I forgive you.

Hil. Ah Uncle, and I pardon you—— Come Old-Man, Let's ſhake Hands; you ſee I am good Natur'd. So now we are all Friends.

Muchw. Well, I muſt be gone abroad.

Hil. Fare you well, Uncle—— [*Ex.* Muchworth.
Now he's gone, we'l be gone too. Come Cozen, we'l ſpend this Afternoon in a Frolique: we'l go ſee a Play at the Nurſery; I'le put on the Boyes Habit I made for a Maſquerading Suit.

Jac. Let's go in our Scarfs, Vizards, and Maſques.

Hil. You ſhall; but I'le have my own Humour: I'le Cock, and Strut, and ſo Hector the young Cits, if they come to diſturb us with their Impertinences—— [*Ex.* Hil. Jac.]

Coven-garden.] [Muchw. *Houſe.*

Enter Careleſs *and* Lovel, *meeting.*

Lov. You come luckyly, our Plot ſucceeds rarely.

Carel. Have we Routed the Enemy?

Lov. Horſe and Foot; he'l ne'r be able to appear in the Feild agen. [*Call* D. Boaſtado.

Carel. Our new Alderman *Rich*, and his Neice, are ready to receive e'm if he comes——

Lov. His Wives follow'd him ſo cloſe, I am afraid they have ſcar'd his Lordſhip out of Town, if not out of's Witts.

Carel. We muſt find out *Beatrice*, and recover him; for all things are ſo well prepar'd ——

Lov. She's after him where er'e he is. But by what means have you compaſs'd the bus'neſs we laſt ſpoke of?

Carel. I ſent a Letter as from an unknown friend to the Alderman, to let him know there was an appointment made by his Neice, and ſome Gallants, to ſteal her away to Night; this he eaſily believ'd, becauſe 'tis but what he always fears and is jealous of; he preſently out of pretence to carry her abroad in's coach to take the air, has convey'd her to his Country Houſe, which is but Eight Miles from *London*.

Lov. Good.

Carel. This the Landlady told me; for ſhe's my friend, and I have feed her, to let a Lady of my acquaintance have the command of the lodging for this night; and thither I have convey'd our counterfeit Heireſſe.

Lov. And *Toby* is now a Grave Alderman.

Carel. I ſent him one of her Uncles old ſuites, which I borrow'd of the Landlady.

Lov. He's at the Tavern here waiting for orders.

Enter Beatrice.

Here's Beatrice now——

Carel. But where 's my Lord?

Beat. In my purſuit I ſaw him give his purſuers the Dodg. I gave e'm the ſign to make a fault; he turn'd clear back this way, and they keep at a diſtance, and I am come a nearer way to meet him here.

Lov. We are ready to receive him.

Enter D. Boaſtado.

Beat. That's well——here he comes, lets ſlip in there, that he may not ſee us together. [*they retire.*

D. Boaſt. With much a doe I have at length got clear of e'm. The Jades

Jades, and their bawling Baſtards — Father, Father, Father — I have run my ſelf almoſt out of Breath. [Beat. *appears.*

Beat. I am glad I have found you, my Lord; I have run my ſelf almoſt off my Legs to o're-take ye.

D. Boaſt. 'Pox o'th Whores; my Shirt ſticks to my back.

Beat. But my Lord, are you Marry'd to any of e'm?

D. Boaſt. O the Devil! Not I.

Beat. Nor promis'd e'm Marriage neither?

D. Boaſt. Not I.

Beat. If it ſhould appear ſo hereafter, it would be an injury to the Lady; and I would not have a Hand in doing her any Wrong for the World: I Love her as my Life!

D. Boaſt. I never ſaw either of e'm before. Upon my Honour, I did not.

Beat. Now I believe your Lordſhip; but if any thing of this this ſhou'd come to the Ladies Ear, it wou'd Ruine our Deſigne.

D. Boaſt. But I hope ſhe'l not hear't ſo ſoon.

Beat. We muſt out-fly Report: Come, my Lord, let's inſtantly about it, to prevent Danger —

D. Boaſt. But I have got no Parſon yet.

Beat. It can't be help't: I hear her Uncle will be abroad all this Afternoon, and we'l perſwade her to Counterfeit a Fit of Illneſs; and the Doctor ſhall tell the Landlady, and the Servants, that ſhe muſt preſently take the Air, or ſhe'l dye; that ſhe has an Oppreſſion of Spirit about her Heart, and that the Jogging of a Coach will relieve her; and when we get her abroad, we know what to do.

D. Boaſt. Yet I wiſh we had a Parſon ready, for fear her Uncle ſhou'd be at Home, or come in by accident; then we might do't, and he in the Houſe.

Beat. At worſt, you may contract, and break a piece of Gold betwixt you.

Within, 3 Child. Father, Father, Father ——

D. Boaſt. Hark! The Beagles follow us; they have taken the Scent afreſh, and come with a full Cry.

Within, 3 Child. Father, Father, Father ——

Beat.

Beat. The Cry comes this way—— Follow me with all the haſt you can, that they not come within view of us.

[*Ex.* D. Boaſt. Beatrice.

Enter Mrs. Breeder *and* Clappam.

Breed. So, now the Children are ſent home, let's to the place of Rendezvous.

Clap. Here's the Tavern; Enter—— [*Ex.* [*To the Tavern.*

Lovel *and* Careleſs *appear.*

Carel. Come *Lovel*, they are gone to the Tavern to look for us.

Lov. I am the worſt man i'th world, to Converſe with this ſort of Cattle.

Carel. Thou ought'ſt to be civil to e'm upon Account of the Kindneſs they have done for thee at my Requeſt.

Lov. Will not my Money excuſe my Company.

Carel. Did not I condeſcend to viſit a Pair of Honeſt women at your requeſt? Aye, and viſit them a ſecond time; and can you in Conſcience refuſe to Accompany me now——?

Lov. Your firſt Viſit was made by my perſwaſions; but the ſecond, was the Effect of your own Inclinations.

Carel. Well; but come along, if you like not your Company, be gone aſſoon as you will. [*Ex.* Lov. Carel.

Enter Hilaria, *and* Jacinta.

Hil. 'Tis e'en ſo; your Lover and my Gallant are gone in after e'm: We'l put off our Frollique of going to the Nurſery, and I'le adventure into the Tavern, to ſee after what manner they Treat e'm.

Jac. But ſhou'd they know you——

Hil. They know you: they can't in this Diſguiſe; but if they do, 'twill paſs for a Frolique—— [*Exeunt.*

Tables, Chairs, Candles, Bottles. *Enter Mrs.* Breeder, Clappam, *Drawer in Tavern.*

Draw. What Wine do you pleaſe to drink, Ladies?

Breed. Sack and Claret; Is it good?

Draw. We have as good as any is in *England.*

Clap.

Clap. But you Son of a Whore, shall we have any of it?

Drew. I'le bring you that shall please you—— [*Exeunt.*

Breedwell *and* Clappam, *both Sing and Dance about.*

Enter Lovel *and* Careless, *Singing.*

SONG.

I found a Thief a Managing
My Natural on a Chair,
I pull'd out Focus speedily——

Carel. Ha: Merry Lasses!

Clap. As Merry as Birds in a fair Morning.

Breed. Or Crickets in a warm Chimney.

Lov. Fill some Wine Boy—— This will encrease your Mirth—— [*Drinks.*

Breed. Here *Careless*, you Son of a Whore, here's to you.

Carel. I thank you Mrs. *Breedwell.*

Lov. Lady, my Service to you——

Clap. Damn your Complement. My Service to you—— You'd have said as much as that to an Honest Woman——

Lov. Ladies, I can't talk at your rate; but if you are for downright Drinking—— have at you.

Clap. Here *Careless*, you Damn'd Confounded Dog, give me your Hand.

Breed. Pray mind your own Intrigue; we are agreed.

Clap. Mrs. *Breedwell*—— What right have you to choose your Man before me?

Breed. I have been acquainted with him longer than you——

Clap. Mr. *Careless*, do you like a Woman e're the better for being an Old Acquaintance?

Breed. He chose me, and that's a signe he likes me better than you——

Carel. I took the first that came to my hand.

Clap. Yes, she's so forward.

Lov. I am then ſhut out for a wrangler.

Breed. Rot your humour! that you'l be ſo diſobliging to any Gentleman.

Clap. He's as Dull as an Alderman. [*Enter Drawer.*

Draw. Madam! there's a young Gentleman at the dore deſires to ſpeak with you. [*Clap go's to door,*

Car. Come *Lovel*, here's both their Healths to you.

Hill. Madam, I had a ſight of you as you came up ſtaires, and was extreamly taken with you: pray oblige me ſo far as to own me for your acquaintance, and introduce me into the Company, which I much deſire, for your ſake.

Clap. Sir, you may Command me. Lord 'tis the prettyeſt man--- Nay Sir, you ſhall come in---here are none but friends.

Lov. Sir, you muſt not refuſe a Ladies Invitation. [*Muſick ready*

Hill. I fear I ſhall be uncivil. (*below*

Car. That you can hardly be in our Company.

Lov. Sir, theſe Ladies Healths to you——

Hill. Come on Sir, Ladies, To your good Healths.

Breed. And here's Mr. *Lovels* Health.

Clap. I am ready to pledge it.

Lov. And to make it go down the pleaſanter, there's That to ſweeten your Wine and yours. [*put's 4 or 5 Guinnies into the glaſs.*

Clap. Were we but ſure ſuch ſand lay at the Bottom of the Sea, wee'd drink the Ocean off.

Breed. Look you Sir.

Lov. And now Ladies, I thank you for the good ſervice you have done for me.

Breed. Will you leave us then?

Lov. My abſence is no Injury, now you have got another Man---

Clap. But Sir.——

Lov. And I have a little Bus'neſs.

Hill. Damn Buſineſs; when Wine and Women are in the caſe.

Lov. It is of great Concern——

Hill. Sir, can there be affaires of greater Importance than Drinking and Wenching?

Carl. To tell you true Sir, he's going to ſee a Lady that he's in Love with.

Hill.

Hill. What sots Love makes of men.

Lov. Your servant Gallants—— [*Ex Love.*

Breed. } Your servant.
Clap. }

Hill. I hope he'l find Compunction of heart e're he gets there, repent of's sin, and so come back agen.

Breed. As I live, this is the prettiest youth---Come let's be freely merry---

Hill. I love freedom in my Mirth; Come Sir, will you pledg me on that Ladies Lipps? Ten go downs upon Reputation.

Carel. Sir! Ile pledge you here, and there, and every where. { *Kiss each others woman, and then change and kisse their own.*

Hill. I here Musick. [*Musick playes*] Come in you sons of Melody.

Breed. Come my little Squire of the Body, You and I will have a Dance together.

Clap. Nay, keep to your own man.

Breed. I have as much reason to Dance with him as you——

Clap. You Lye---and you take Tobacco, and I am satisfi'd.

Breed. What Interest have you in him, I wonder?

Clap. To beat you with your own Cudgel: know that I am his old acquaintance, and he chose me.

Breed. That was because he thought I had been engag'd elsewhere.

Carel. So, now they Quarrel for him. And I am in the Condition my friend was just now.

Hill. Ladies, I am ready to serve you in any kind, but then you must take me by turnes.

Carel. I'le ease you of half your Burden, Mrs. *Breedwell*, you and I won't part so.

Hill. Strike up you Rogues. [*A Dance here of four.*

Breed. Now Sir, let me oblige you to Dance a Jigg.

Clap. Lord, Mrs. *Breedwell*, you are so forward---I can oblige him to't as well as you.

Carel. They are at it agen. A pox of this smock-fac'd Rogue. I must be forc't to kick this fellow out of Company. Some Wine Boy. Mrs. *Clappam*, you are not so obliging to day as you us'd to be.

Clap. Not I Sir, I Swear, I begg your pardon: I'le pledge you Sir.

Breed. How your Dancing has made you ſweat: Let we wipe your face. How long Sir have you known that Lady?

Hill. Some few days.

Breed. Have you ever bin concern'd with her?

Hill. No, but 'tis my preſent buſineſs.

Breed. Have a Care how you venture: I wou'd not ſay ſo much but that I have a kindneſs for you.

Hill. Is ſhe not well?

Breed. Pretty well agen now: but ſhe's not quite out of the Surgeons hands yet.

Hill. I am juſt now in the humour, but I had rather have your Company.

Breed. Take your leave, and I'le follow you to the next Tavern--

Car. You muſt pledg me now -----

Hill. That they may not ſuſpect, go you firſt ----

Clap. That's not fair play Mris. *Breedwel.*

Breed. If you are Jealous, wipe his face your ſelf Some. Some Wine Boy. To your good Thoughts.---

Clap. How do you like Mrs. *Breedwell?*

Hill. Well enough.

Clap. On my word you'l not find a finer Woman in Town of her age: How old do you think ſhe is?

Hill. Eighteen.

Clap. Gemine! I am as much.

Hill. I may be miſtaken.

Clap. Why ſhe lay In a year a goe of her fifth Child, and were 't not for ſome defect in her Teeth which taints her Breath a little, ſhe's not to be diſlik'd.

Hill. How malicious are Women againſt one another! Let us alone to diſcover each others faults.

Clap. Has ſhe not acquainted you with her Lodging?

Hill. You need not be Jealous, let me but know where yours is.

Clap. Hark you Sir.

Carel. I muſt be forc't to kick theſe two out of the Room; I hate whiſpering, it ſpoiles good company.

Hill. Enough---we have done Sir---ſlip from the Company and go home. I'le come to you.

Breed.

Breed. Agen.----

Clap. What are you for? [*Enter* 2d. *Drawer.*

2. *Draw* There are a Couple of Seamen in the next Room deſires to Entertain you with a Dance.

Hil. } Bid 'em come in --- Play away,
Car. } Give e'm what Wine they'l drink, [*The Dance of Sea-men.*
and clap't to our reckoning.

Hil. One of you Two Ladies I hope will entertayn us with a Song.

Car. Mrs. *Clappam*, you have a good Voice.

Hil. Before you hear't, I'le lay a Wager 'tis either a Drinking, or a Bawdy Song.

Carel. Is there not *Phillis* in't?

Clap. No?

Carel. Then it may not be Bawdy. Come, let's hear your Old out-of-Faſhion Song.

Clap. 'Tis Call'd the Agreement.

Breed. Now I'le ſteal away. [*Ex. Breed.*

Clap. *Sings.*

Clap. *Come peeviſh Lovers, hear and ſee*
How my Love and I Agree:
We are in ſweet embraces twin'd,
I am Conſtant, and ſhe is Kind.

Enter ſecond Drawer with a Letter, and gives it Careleſs.

2. *Draw.* Sir, a Porter has brought this Letter for you, and ſtayes for an Anſwer.

Clap. I'le take this occaſion to ſlip away. [*Ex.* Clap.

Hill. I'le o're take you.----

Careleſs *Reads.*

Carel. Gallant, I know not what's the Cauſe, but I am very Mellancholly: pray come and ſpend the reſt of this afternoon with me; for I find an Inclination to your company, perhaps the ſight of you may cure me: *Hilaria.*

Carel. This 'tis to have the acquaintance of honeſt Women, they preſently grow troubleſome.

Hill. Why Sir?

Carel. Why, if they be of the dull ſober ſort, a man can hardly get acquainted with them, but they fall flat in Love with him: if they

they be of a ſprightly gay humour; they preſently grow impertinent, they will ever be ſending ſuch Notes as theſe to a man, or running after him.

Hill. But is ſhe handſome that ſends you this Invitation?

Carel. Yes: hang her, ſhe's well enough.

Hill. Then you ſhou'd tak't for a kindneſs———

Carel. Yes: juſt as a Husband does when his Wife jogg'd me by the Elbow, and askes him the Queſtion. I wonder Women han't Wit enough to know when a Man cares for their Love, or their Company: to be ſure, when he has a mind to either, he'l be coming or ſending to them.

Hill. But won't you go?

Carel. Doſt think I'le leave good ſociable Company to go to a dull honeſt Wench?

Hill. She'l take it ill.

Carel. I have a better opinion of her Wit, than to think ſhe'd deſire me if ſhe knew how the caſe ſtands. It wou'd be as unreaſonable in her, as to invite a hungry Man from a well-furniſh'd Table, to go & look upon the Picture of a Banquet, where he can only feaſt his eye, but never allay his appetite. Boy, bid the Porter tell her he can't find me——I'le make ſuch Viſits when I can have no better Company.

Hill. But where are our Women?

Draw. One of e'm went out juſt before the Song, and bid me tell you——

Carel. Speak out you Rogue—— *Wiſpers with* Hilaria.

Draw. That ſhe was gone to th' place appointed.

Carel. Young Squire, you don't play me ſquare play. You ought not to take up another mans Dice----

And where's ſhe that ſung?--- [*Enter 2d. Drawer*

Do you know where the Lady is that was here but e'en now?

2. *Draw.* She's gone Sir. *2d. offers to whiſper* Hilaria.

Carel. Whither? Are you going to whiſper too? ſpeak out----

2. *Draw.* I ſuppoſe that Gentleman knows. She ſent to deſire him to make haſte?

Carel. Get you both down; We'l pay at the Bar--- [*Ex. Drawers*

Sir, you make too bold with me; to take one Mrs. from me,

was

was Ill-manners; to Rob me of both, Malice and Ill-Nature ——!

Hil. I do't by way of Reprizal; you have took one from me, and I have got two from you.

Carel. I take one from you ——!

Hil. Yes; I have had a long Intrigue with the Lady nam'd *Hilaria*: And I hear you are become her Servant——

Carel. Hilaria!

Hill. Yes.

Carel. I was ignorant of any ſuch pretenſions.

Hill. I ſhall ſpoile your Markets there too: I ſhall tell her, that ſhe's Impertinent to ſend after you, and all that--and when you can find no better Company, you'l come to her, and all that--

Carel. Nay then; I'le take another courſe with you. Come Sir.---- [*Draws*

Hill. Surely, you'l not be ſo mad to fight for one you don't love?

Carel. Look you Sir, tho' I ſcorn to tell her ſo, or any of her Sex: yet I do love her, will love her, and muſt love her: and no Body elſe ſhall love her----

Hill. But I do--ſhall, and will love her--better then you----

Carel. Come: give me a proof on't then---- *Draw*----

Hill. Yes Sir, I will give you a proof of 't--- ha, ha, ha.---- [*diſcovers her ſelf.*

Carel. Hilaria!

Hill. Alas poor Gallant--ha ha ha--obſerve, now you are Cheated of three Mrs's. ha ha ha--fare you well--Gallant.

Carel. Hark you, ſtay——

Hill. No; Women are ſo impertinent--- Men will come after them, when they love them--adieu--- [*Ex Hill.*

Carel. Gad--ſhe's too unconſcionable, to deprive me of two Mrs's. and then to run away her ſelf--and now ſhe knows I love her, ſhe'l inſult o're me--- and thoſe Damn'd Whores to ſerve me ſuch a Dog trick—I thought they had ſome honour in them; But I find that Women are by Nature guilty; For be they Whores, or no Whores, they will jilt ye--- [*Exeunt*

Ends the Fourth Act.

The Fifth Act.

Covet Garden.

Enter Deboaſtado *in the Habit of a Phyſician,* Toby *like an Old Rich Alderman.*

Tob. MR. Doctor, I deſire no more of your Conſultations with my Neice; I ſay no more, but I ſmell a Fox.

D. B. What do you mean Sir?

Tob. I ſay no more: but ſome Wiſer than ſome.

D. Boaſt. That Sir, was the very reaſon, why the Doctor brought me with him, thinking I might obſerve ſome Circumſtances which might diſcover the Nature of your Neices Diſeaſe, of which he yet remains doubtful.

Tob. And you diſcover'd, that it was good for her to go Abroad in a Coach, to take the Air.

D. Boaſt. Yes Sir, and I'le give you a Reaſon for't; for want of Exerciſe the Bloud grows thick, and corrupts in the Veins, which are the Channels Nature has deſign'd for: Sir, does it not ſtand to reaſon, that Motion and Exerciſe which opens the Veins, rarifies the Bloud, and gives it a free Paſſage; ſhould it not in ſome meaſure work it's Effects on your Neice.

Tob. Well, Sir, I ſay no more, but that ſome are Fools, and ſome are Phyſicians.

D. Boaſt. I will maintain it againſt the Learned'ſt Profeſſors in Town, that it will do your Neice more good to Joult about one Hour in a Coach every Morning and Evening for a Month, than to take Ten Purges a day.

Tob. I am much of your mind, Mr. Doctor; and I ſay no more, but that it is not good for Sick Folks to go abroad in the Air.

D. Boaſt.

D. Boast. Her Sickness is for want of Air.

Tob. And I say no more, but that some peoples reasons for her going Abroad, is, that she's an Heiress.

D. Boast. I hope you don't think that I am an Instrument in any Designe.

Tob. I say no more, but that there are Blades upon the Kerdan, that would Feel her Pulse, and stir her Bloud to some purpose; and that's one reason why 'tis not good for her to go Abroad.

D. Boast. I beg your Pardon, Sir, I spoke as a Physician in Consideration of her Health, and Mr. Doctor within was partly of my mind.

Tob. He was of the mind too, that my Cook-maid wou'd not dye yesterday: and I say no more, but that she dyed within two hours after.

D. Boast. Physicians sometimes say what they think will best please their Patients.

Tob. And you thought 'twould please her best to be Gadding abroad; I say no more, but that if her Bloud want stirring, I'le get her a Husband.

D. Boast. Yes Sir, that will do best of all.

Tob. Sir, Then we agree at last: and I say no more, but that his Lordship shall go without her.

D. Boast. What Lord, Sir?

Tob. A Friend, a Neighbour of mine sends me word, that she's in Love with a Foolish Fantastick Lord.

D. Boast. What is this Lord?

Tob. I say no more, but that he has been a Traveller, is very conceited, and very ridiculous.

D. Boast. What is his Name?

Tob. You may as soon call o're a Troop of Horse as Name him; I know no more, but that he has two Wives already, that he is a very great Fool, and I say no more, but that I'le have my Neice into the Country to Morrow. [*Tob.* Ex.

Enter Beatrice.

D. Boast. Let me tell you *Beatrice*, this Alderman is an old

Rooke, he smells Powder a great way off.

Beat. Does he suspect you?

D. Boast. He suspects every body: he has heard the whole Story of her being in Love with me.

Beat. It comes from our House, I warrant you, but was it not very Unfortunate for us, that he should come Home just as we had convinc'd the Landlady and Servants, that it was necessary for the Lady to go abroad?

D. Boast. The Coach sent for, and all.

Beat. And when he came, he was so earnest for you to be gone, being a Stranger, and kept such a fidling about his Niece, that you could not break a Piece of Gold as we design'd, and make a Contract.

D. Boast. Fate was indeed very malicious.

Beat. But how does your Lordship like her?

D. Boast. She's a Miracle! I protest I saw not so great a Rariety in all my Travels.

Beat. What a pretty Mouth she has, so Little; and her Neither-Lip so Cherry-like, and then she's such a Pattern of Modesty and Innocence, one wou'd wonder how she got the Confidence to be in Love.

D. Boast. She's a rare Creature!

Beat. She loves the very ground you go on. } *Call* Lovel;

D. Boast. O *Beatrice*, if I had her—— } Careless.

Beat. She's resolv'd by some Stratagem or another, to get to you to Night; therefore be sure you be not out of the way.

D. Boast. I'le go directly to my Lodgings.

Beat. Be careful you are not seen i'th Streets; for if those two Women once get sight of you, their Tongues will blow up your Credit.

D. Boast. I'le be gone, lest they shou'd come and find me here.

[*Peeps at the Door.*] [*D. Boast.* Ex.

Enter Toby.

Beat. You may venture forth, he's gone. [*Call* Hilaria.

Tob. 'Twas damn'd ill Luck, that we had ne're a Parson here; The Business had been done.

Beat.

Beat. He fail'd of bringing one with him; and if we had provided a Parson, our Forwardness might have given him Cause of Suspition; but Disappointment does make Men more Eager.

Tob. So much for that now, *Beatrice*; being at Leasure, let us examine how Matters stand 'twixt you and me.

Beat. Just as they did, on my part.

Tob. But methinks now you have seen how well I Acted the Gentleman, Traveller, and the old Alderman, you should love me much better for my Ingenuity.

Beat. In the first Shape, you appear'd so much like a Gentleman; and in this, so like an old Rich Alderman, that I shall never endure to see you your own Man agen.

Tob. When I am neither Gentleman, nor Alderman, I shall be *Toby* still; and I am no more now.

Beat. But if we Two should Marry, how should we do to Live?

Tob. Live, well enough; we'l live by our Wits.

Beat. Then I must maintain you and my self too.

Tob. Why *Beatrice*? do'st think I have not as much Wit as Thee?

Beat. No marry han't you.

Tob. This day I have given the World sufficient Proofs of my Wit.

Beat. I doubt not but e're Night, to give you a better Proof of mine, than any you have, or can give of yours.

Tob. P'shaw, p'shaw—— Yonder's my Master, go and acquaint him how Matters succeed. [*Toby* Exit

Enter Lovel *and* Careless.

Lov. The truth is, she plaid the Tyrant with thee; but you deserv'd that, and more.

Carel. Well, were not the Use and Conversation of Women absolute necessary for Man, I wou'd forswear the whole Sex.

Lov. I know by the Constitution of your Body, that you'd not

be able to keep that Oath: but, I advise you to Forswear all but one.

Carel. That is, you'd have me Marry.

Lov. Yes; you'l find more Comfort in a Wife, than in Ten Mistresses.

Carel. If what you say, be true, Why do most Husbands in this Age, (which I take to be wiser than any that's past) Turn away their Wives, and keep Wenches? at least, those that are so Civil to keep a Wife, they keep a Mistress besides?

Lov. And if it be not true, Why do the great Wenchers at last forsake all their Mistresses for a Wife? for, we find most of them Marry at the Long-run; Nay, generally they prove the best Husbands: And the reason is, they have experimented the Folly of that Lewd Course of Life.

Carel. I had never so good an Opinion of Marriage as now; for, this Dog-trick that these two Gilting Jades shew'd me in Leaving me so in the Lurch, has lessen'd e'm in my Esteem, to the degree of Honest Women; and now the Scales are equal, the first of either Party that obliges me, draws it down on that side.

Lov. Then I hope *Hilaria* will turn the Ballance.

Carel. If the Devil is minded to lose a Gamester, let him venture to make her and me Friends.

Enter Hilaria.

Beat. Sir, We are still Successful in our Designs; it is drawing to a Conclusion, therefore be in a Posture to receive us.

Lov. I'le give u'm Notice within: you'l take Care of the rest. [to *Carel.*

Carel. The Parson and the Fidlers, I believe, are Drunk together, and falne asleep in the Tavern; but I'le Marshal e'm presently.

Beat. And I'le back to my Imployment.

[Lov. Beat. *exeunt severally.*

Hilaria.

Enter Hilaria.

Hil. How now Gallant.

Carel. O Madam. [*Sings, and walks about.*

Hil. You are very merry Gallant.

Carel. I have no reason to be other-wise. Why do you Jostle me? } *Sings, and walks about two or three times, and Jostle one another.*

Hil. And why do you Jostle me? }

Carel. You walk in my way.

Hil. 'Tis you walk in my way.

Carel. Get farther off.

Hil. Go you farther off.

Carel. I was here first.

Hil. Then you may be gone first.

Carel. I have Business here.

Hil. What, to see me?

Carel. No———— [*Sings, and walks about carelessly.*

Hil. Yes, in my Conscience, you was coming to see me.

Carel. Now I think on't, so I was, on purpose to let you see that I am alive; for I believe you thought I had either hang'd my self (for the Trick you put on me to day) or had broke my Heart with Sighing for your Absence, with whom I am too desperately in Love; but believe me, I have not yet broke so much as a Button, and may I brake my Neck, when I do, either for Love of you, or any Woman alive.

Hil. Yet you love me.

Carel. 'Tis true, I love you well enough, because you are Unlucky; and was not Honesty in the case, I should love you better; but as it is, your are in a desperate Condition.

Hil. Must I then despair?

Carel. You are for Matrimony, and that I hate; I can no more endure a Wife, than a standing Dish of Meat.

Hil. You think then I am in Love with you.

Carel. Think it, Ha, ha, ha—— As though I did not know That by your following me up and down, what came you to the Taverne for after me? And for what came you hither now, if you an't in Love with me? And what made you seduce the Ladies

from me, but that you had a mind to have me all your self?

Hil. I vow, now you put me in mind on't, I may be in Love with you: but you say my Case is desperate; then desperate must be the Cure, and I must e'ne resolve to be your Mistress or Wench, or what you will.

Carel. That's your only Remedy. I am a Bird of prey, and flie at all.

Hill. Nay, then I'm a dead Woman still, for, you'l soon take a Flight from me, to another.

Carel. But when I have catch'd my Prey, I take my Belly full of it, I never leave it till I am Gorg'd.

Hil. And will your Stomack come to you agen?

Carel. Yes sometimes, but Generally some Ravenous Fowl or another picks up my Leavings, and flies away with't.

Hil. But wou'd you have no more care of me? } *Call* Careless, *Musick*, Breed. Clap.

Carel. My Care wou'd signifie but little; for, a man seldom finds either Money or a Woman in the same place he left e'm.

Hil. But they say 'tis a Rule amongst you Men, not to leave the Women you Debauch; but if they prove Constant, to provide for e'm.

Carel. Provide for u'm! Is it not enough we Teach e'm a Trade, by which they may get their Livings? but you will not want providing for, you have a good Portion: but if I wou'd, you your self, in a short time, would be for Change.

Hil. Well *Careless*, we'l do nothing rashly; I'le in, and consider on't; and some other time I'le tell you more of my mind.

Carel. But let me give you this Caution; be not deceived with the vain Considerations of Virtue, Modesty, Honour, Chastity, Reputation, and the like; these are Bugg-Words that aw'd the Women in former Ages, and still fool a great many in this; and if once these idle Notions get into your Thoughts, I shall give you over for a lost Woman.

Hil. The common Practice of my Sex may prevail much: evil Example makes twenty Sinners to the Devil's one.

Adieu. *Carel.*

Carel. Adieu. [*Ex.* Case *and* Hit. *severally.*

Enter D. Boastado *in Masquerade, Reading a Letter.*

My Lord,

This Night is to be the Burial of one of my Uncles Maids, who dyed Yesterday Morning; put your self in Masquerade, and stand over against Mr. Muckworth's *House, for near to that is the Church-Yard; when you see the Corps pass that way, Sing these Words*——— (Hums to himself) *then whatsoever you see, be not startled; for, it is all but Designe to affright the People, and make e'm Run away; come you to the Coffin, and instead of a Corps, you shall find Her, that for Love of you, Attempts thus to make an Escape.*

This is notably contriv'd; what a Witty Wife shall I have?

I am inform'd by Beatrice, *that there will be Dancing at Mr.* Muckworths; *we will venture in amongst them in Masquerades, and she has promis'd there shall be a Parson ready to Marry us, and then in spite of my Uncle, I shall for ever be*

Yours,

Grace Rich.

Here comes Company; I will Retire till they are gone past.

[*Ex.* D. Boast.

Musick pass the Stage.

Enter Careless, *Leading in Mrs.* Breedwel *and* Clappam, *Musicians playing before them.*

Carel. Now Ladies, you may pull off your Masques; you're no strangers to one another.

Breed. Mrs. *Clappam.*
Clap. Mrs. *Breedwel.* } Clap. Breed. *pull off their Masques.*

Carel. I know you wonder to see one another here, but both of you came to'th Tavern on the same account.

Breed.

Breed. On what account.

Carel. To see what was become of the young Gentleman.

Breed. I love you for that——

Carel. Nay, Mrs. *Breedwell*, I was behind you when you ask'd the Drawer what was become of him; it seems he fail'd you both, of your Assignation.

Clap. S'life! did she dare to have an Intrigue with my Man?

Breed. Your Man!

Clap. Yes, my Man, you impudent Hussy; I'le scratch your Eyes out.

Breed. Touch me if you dare. } Breed. } *Fights, and tare*
Clap. If I dare? } Clap. } *one another about.*

Carel. So, so; enough, enough; Brave Girles both——

Clap. Dare me!

Breed. You, what are you?

Clap. A Degree above you, I think.

Breed. Yes, so you are; for I am not Whore and Bawd too, as you are.

Clap. You han't Wit enough to be a Bawd, and scarce Beauty enough, to Drive on the Vocation of Whoring: And let me advise you to make much of those Cloaths you have on, for that Face will not be able to bring you a New Gowne agen.

Breed. And do you make much of the Embroyder'd Bodyes you use to run to Playes in the last Summer, neither your Beauty nor your Wit will ever bring you such an other Pair: You may speak *French* long enough, before you get such agen.

Clap. My Back is not my Wardrobe, as your's is; I had a New Gown but a Month agoe.

Breed. What, the Mourning-Gown you bought at Second Hand. A Woman of the Town needs no Curses, when she once comes to a Black-Cloath-Gown, and Plain Linnen; that is their Last Refuge in point of Cloaths; and when that's worn out, she must on with the Strip't Semar, and turn Bulker: at which Trade I hope to see you suddenly. [Beat. *an the Bell ready.*

Clap. And I as suddenly expect to see you so Miserable, as to abuse

abuse Charity, to relieve your own necessities, and go up and down with a purse to all your Acquaintance, to gather relief for some pretended poor Woman that is sick, or in Prison.

Carel. Enough, enough; bravely perform'd on both sides, you faught well, and you scold well.

Clap. If you had been here, I would have so tew'd that spawn of a Sempstress——

Breed. And I would so have claw'd off that Shoomakers Daughter, that she should have thought it worse than her last Child, or her last Clap, or the scuffle she had with the Sedan-men, when they tore the Cloaths off her back for 4 *s.* which she ow'd 'em at least half a year.

Clap. And you should have scap'd no better than you did when the Coach-man met you at the *New Exchange*, that you bilk'd off his Faire after five hours Ramble.

Carel. No more, come a Truce, a Truce; you serv'd one another no more than you both serv'd me, I have reason to be angry with you on account of your leaving my Company for that fair, smooth, Chitty-fac'd Stranger, that neither of you ever saw before.

Clap. Ah, he was such a pretty Gentleman, and had such a boon Meen——

Carl. But the Devil a penny of money in his Pocket: I paid the whole reckoning; I had a good mind to have sent him to you in revenge, that he might have bilked you both, for his jilting me.

Breed. And Bilking is so us'd now a days, that 'tis not more hard for a man to find a woman with whom he may safely venture, than 'tis for a woman to meet with a man, who the next morning, or as soon as she has been kind to him, will not say, Y'gad Madam I have got no money about me, I had damn'd ill luck at play, but I am going to receive some this Afternoon, and if you'l let me know where I shall be so happy as to meet you anon in the Evening, you shall find none more a Gentleman——

Clap. And if you make an appointment, he meets you no more; then he goes to pay off his Taylors Bill at the day promis'd: hang me if I was not serv'd so three times the last week.

Breed. Men are grown so base, that 'tis enough to make any wo-

man forswear keeping Company, —— but if that young Gentleman had serv'd me so, I Vow, I should not have been vex'd.

Clap. And I had rather he should have serv'd me so, than failed of coming, as he promis'd.

Carel. I find both of you have a kindness for him; but I am perswaded, when you see him agen, that you will not be so fond of him. Come shake hands and be Friends, and I will carry you to him; he shall have his choyce, and I'le be content with the other.

Clap. Mrs. *Breeder*, come Kiss and be Friends.

Breed. With all my heart.

Carel. Now put on your Masques, and in here with me.

[*Carel. Breed.* and *Clap. Ex.*

Enter Deboastado.

D. B. So, they are gone, and in good time: Here comes the Burial, I'le stand close.

Toby *in the habit of a Bearer, 4 Bearers with a Coffin on a Beare; 4 Maids in white, bearing up the 4 corners of the Sheet, they walk round the Stage, set down the Corps as to rest themselves, attended with some few followers.*

Tob. Come let's rest a little.

1. *Bearer*, Ay, set down, set down. [*Set down the Corps.*

1. *Maid*: Ah poor *Betty*.

2. *Maid*: Ay, she was as good a natur'd Maid ——

3. *Maid*: And as pretty a Servant as ever liv'd in the Parish.

4. *Maid*: She's in Heaven, I hope, poor Wench.

Deb. Wake all the Dead, what ho, what ho —— [*Deb.* sings.

Tob. *and all the Bear.* Hark ——

Beat. Who's there? } Beatrice *in the Coffin speaks with a mournful voyce.*

4. *Maids.* Hark, Hark.

Deb. The Windows are op't, the doors unbar'd, come from the Church, and the Church-yard. [*Deb. sings.*

2d. *Bearer*: The Voyce is this way.

Beat. Who's there? [*In the Coffin.*

1st. *Bearer.*

1st. *Bearer*: No, 'tis in the Coffin, in the Coffin Neighbour. } *Mocket Lifted in.*

Enter 4 Ghosts, 2 Men, and 2 Women.

4 Ghosts: Make roome, make roome. } *The Women in long winding Sheets, the Men with Muffers, Caps, white Cloaths, Wastcoats, Drawers, Breeches, Stockings & Pumps.*

Deb. The World's at an end----

4 Ghosts, Beat. And we come, we come.

Tob. *and all the Bearers.* Look, look, look. } *Beatrice rises upright in the Coffin, in a Winding-Sheet.*

All 4 Maids: Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah. } *Bearers, Maids, and Followers, all run out speaking.*

4 Ghosts: Away, away, Lovers away. Ghosts *Ex.* } *Deb. helps Beatrice down, and carries her into Muchworth's house.*

Deb. Beat. *Ex.*

Hall-Table and Candles, 4 Chaires. } *Enter Lovel, Jacinta, the Scene changes, and a Room in Muchworth's House.*

Lov. Why *Jacinta*, do you fear your love will wrong your duty.

Jac. You know my Fathers command, if I Marry you, I disobey him.

Lov. And if you do not, you'r unjust to Love:

Jac. I will still be true to Love: I will never Marry any other man for your sake.

Lov. But if your Father Command, will you not obey?

Jac. Never ——

Lov. Not to obey his Commands in Marrying, will have the same event, as to disobey him now in Marrying me.

Jac. 'Twill not then be disobedience, though Parents have power to command us not to Marry.

Lov. Ah *Jacinta*, was your Love like mine, you would not stand upon such nicities, a perfect Love inspires those minds with courage, where it inhabits.

Fac. I love you so well, I will not make you unhappy: Till I can bring a Portion with me, I will not be your Wife.

Lov. I was discarded to make room for that Pretender, whom we have now defeated; he being removed, your Father will soon be reconciled.

Fac. Endeavour then to get his consent.

Lov. 'Twill be a greater expence of time and labour to get his consent before Marriage, than to reconcile him after: when all things are once done, and not to be recall'd, Men are soon pacifi'd.

Fac. It may be more easie, but not so secure; Old Age is very exceptious, wherefore excuse me if I dare not venture to disoblige a Father, whose Love may be considerable, and an Advantage to me.

Enter Hilaria.

Hil. Come leave off your Sneaking pittiful Love; my Gallant has brought some Company, Let's Dance, and be Merry; here they come, strike up Musick.

Flourish below.

Enter Careless, Clappam, *and* Breedwel.

Lov. But we want Men——

Carel. You'l have more Company presently; the Parson is doing Execution in the next Room.

Enter Muchworth.

Hil. Here's my Uncle; we'l have him in. Come Uncle, will you make One in a Country-Dance?

Muchw. What's the matter here? What are you doing here? What, are Candles Lighted in every Room? And what does Musick here?

Hil. I believe you are Fudled, Uncle, you are so full of Questions.

Muchw. I say, What is all this for?

Lov. Give me leave, *Facinta*, to pretend this our Wedding-Night; and that all this is on that Account.

Fac. If he resents it ill, I shall soon undeceive him.

Muchw. What, will no body speak? Daughter, what's the Occasion of all this?

Lov. The Occasion, Sir, is such, that she is afraid to tell you; and I should be loath to let you know it, but that we hope your Pardon; without which we cannot be truly Merry.

Muchw. What's the Matter, Mr. *Lovel?* } Lov. and Jac. } Kneels.

Lov. From this Posture you may guess.

Muchw. What mean you by it?

Lov. To beg at once, your Pardon and your Blessing.

Muchw. Ha; Is it so——

Hil. It will be otherwise with u'm anon, Uncle.

Muchw. You are Marryed then?

Carel. It was their Fate, Sir; the business is done.

Hil. Now do I hope my Uncle will take pett at the Marriage, and give Me all his Estate when he dyes, to vex his Daughter.

Muchw. Rather than you shall see a Groat on't, I would give it to Hospitals, which is the worst use a man can put his money to, because the Poor are always Cheated on't.——Mr. *Lovel*, rise. If you do well, and prove a good Husband, I have all I can desire, which is, to see my Daughter well dispos'd of; and I shall do well by you: If you prove an ill Husband, she may thank her self, and her Disobedience will be punish'd in the event.

Hil. Lord, Uncle, that you should do this on purpose to spight me.

Muchw. I believe, you was an Instrument in the design.

Hil. Nay, Uncle, I must confess you have over-reach'd me clearly.

Carel. But, Sir, my being here, is on another account. I come to desire you, to use your Authority with your Niece, and keep her at home; for I can be no where, either about business, or taking my Recreation, but she presently comes and disturbs me; insomuch, that if you don't take some speedy order with her, I must be forced to leave the Town to avoyd her company.

Muchw. Pray take her along with you, and you'l free me of a greater trouble, for she's my Vexation all the day long.

Hil. 'Tis true, Uncle, that Gentleman and I have been a little troublesome to one another; for you know, he came to sollicite me in the way of Matrimony, which I don't much approve of; for it makes Folks fall out: The first day of Marriage, is the last day of Love. I lik'd him well enough for a Gallant, and if he would ac-

cept of me for a Mistriss, or so: but he had a foolish scruple of Conscience, nothing would serve him but Marriage, and so away came I, this is all, Uncle.

Muchw. If you will have my Opinion in the case, you were cut out one for the other, and 'tis pity two houses should part you; therefore, if she'l agree to your desires, or you conform to hers, 'tis all one to me, you have my consent to either; all that I desire, is, that you'l make an end quickly, that I may be clear of her company.

Hil. Then Sir, you may either go into the Country, or stay in Town, if you please, with danger of being troubled with me; for, I absolutely declare against Marriage, and if nothing else will serve your turn, you may go where you will, and do what you please, i'le have nothing to do with such an unreasonable man as you are.

Carel. To Convince you, Mr. *Muchworth*, that what she says is not true, but what, on the contrary, I am for having Her for a Mistress, and She is for being my Wife; here are a couple of Ladies, to whom, on or off, I have been Gallant this 7 or 8 years; and they can witness, I have continually rail'd against Marrying Mrs. *Clapbaw*; Mr. *Breeder*, what say you?

Breed. Yes, Sir.

Clap. Yes.

Carel. Now Lady, if you are not for what I propos'd, you may e'n keep your Maiden-head till it stinks, and is not fit for man to meddle with.

Hil. I except against your Witnesses, they are brib'd, and rather than such a Lying man as you shall have it, i'le keep it still.

Enter De Boastado, Beatrice *like a Ghost.*

Muchw. What new Masque is this?

Lov. Some Masquers, hearing the Musick as they were passing by, are come in to Dance with us.

D. Boast. Do you know me? [*To* Jacinta *in a squeeking voyce.*

Jac. Not I Sir.

Beat. Do you know me? [*To* Careless.

Carel. You should be a Cat, by your little squeeking voyce.

Lov.

Lyo. *Facinta*, let us take this occasion to slip into the next Room to the Parson, how with security we may perfect our desires.

D. Boast. Do you know me? [*To* Muchworth.

Muchw. When I see your face, i'le tell you.

D. Boast. Look you Sir.

Muchw. Is't your Lordship?

Hil. My Lord:

Carel. Has your Lordship (out of a frollick) rob'd the Churchyard for a Companion? If so, you'l have but a cold Bed-fellow.

D. Boast. No, feel here, she's warm flesh and blood.

Carel. Marry Sir, she rellishes well in the hand.

Hil. Pray my Lord, who is she?

D. Boast. She is my Wife, Lady, my Wife; I have Married a Lady, a Lady, that has some forty or fifty thousand pounds to her Portion; I took her by way of Cordial, to revive my Spirits, much weaken'd by the grief I had for loosing your Daughter.

Enter Toby, *Alderman-like, three Bearers, she having* Toby's *habit in his hand.*

Toby. Neighbours, here, here she is; Aye, here she is.

Muchw. Who are these?

Carel. You'l see anon.

D. Boast. Keep off the Ministers of Death, this is a living body.

Toby. She is my Maid, i'le have her agen, she shall serve her year out.

D. Boast. Good Mr. *Alderman*, you are deceived, this is your Niece.

Tob. My Niece is at home in Chamber.

D. Boast. No, Sir; but your Maid is at home, and as dead as a Herring; it was not a Corps, but a Quick Body, that came out of your house in the Coffin: it was not your Maid you suppose, but your Niece: and now, I think, my Wit hath bin too quick for you all.

Tob. Niece, come away from him.

D. Boast. You cannot have Her, she is my Wife.

Tob.

Tob. Are you married then already?

D. Boast. Yes, Sir.

Tob. For certain?

D. Boast. The Parson is still in the House.

Tob. Then, Sir, see your Alderman, your Fellow-Traveller and *Toby*, all in one.

D. Boast. Ha!

Hil. } *Toby!*
Carel. }

Machw. This's some new Trick.

Tob. And now, I think, our Wits have been too quick for your Lordship. Who have I married here? I would fain see, but I dare not.

Carel. I will inform your Lordship who your Wife is, as yet I know her better than your Lordship. I had here in Town three Mistresses, of which, one of 'em was very young and very pretty, and but newly debauch'd: I thought it great pity, she should drive that Trade: and therefore advis'd her, to get her a Husband before she had quite ruin'd her Credit: to advance her Design, she took the Name of Alderman *Rich*'s Niece, and this morning took the same Lodging too; and, by the Story, I guess, this must be She you have married.

Machw. The Alderman and his Niece went this morning out of Town.

D. Boast. O! I am undone——

Hil. Ha, ha, ha —— if your Lordship has any Grief at your Heart, go to bed, and take a Sup of your Cordial, ha, ha, ha——

Carel. Since your Lordship has bin so kind, to take one of my Mistresses off my Hand, I'le make you some requital in releasing you of your Wives. See, My Lord, these are my other two; they shall never trouble your Lordship more, upon the the account of Marriage.

Breed. All the right of a Husband, that I have in You, I resign to that Lady.

Clap. I do the same.

Carel. Now, my Lord, you have got one Wife, and lost two.

Enter

Enter Lovell *and* Jacinta.

Lov. Now Marriage has made us one, our Wishes are compleat.

Hil. My Lord, now you have drawn your Lot, see whether Fortune has sent you a Blank or a Prize.

Tob. Ay, ay, come, Mrs. *Grace*, you may e'en shew your Fate.

D. Beaft. Married to a Wench---- I am abus'd, cheated---

Beat. Yes, my Lord, and so they are all ——— { Beatrice *discovers her self.*

Omnes Beatrice!

Tob. How, Mrs. *Beatrice*!

Beat. Beatrice I am, but not your *Beatrice* now.

Tob. Art thou married then?

Beat. Yes, to a Lord. Who has most Wit now, *Toby*?

Tob. Am I then forsaken? Oh! that the Fates would be so kind, to lend a Dagger, or a Knife, to an Incensed Lover.

Beat. What would you do?

Tob. I would kill my self, to be reveng'd on thee.

Beat. There are Knives enough for that Execution in the Table-basket that stands i'th' Hall.

Tob. Are there? ——— [Toby *runs out.*

Lov. But how came you to surprise us with this new Turn?

Beat. Out of pure Kindness to his Lordship; rather than he should marry a Wench, I cast my self away upon him.

Carel. My Lord, comfort your self with the old Rule, *Since 'tis no better, it's well it is no worse.*

Hil. Take her to you, My Lord, had She not bin your Friend, you had bin in a much worse condition.

Matchw. Though my Daughters Servant, she is a good Gentlewoman born, and near related to us.

Fat. 'Tis well your Lordship has light of an honest Woman.

Beat. One proof of my Honesty is, I promis'd your Lordship my Maiden-head, and now 'tis at your Service.

Enter Toby.

Tob. Look, look here, ungrateful *Beatrice*, look how on my Breast thy Perfidiousness revenge.

Beat. Ay, I see.

Tob. Then, *Toby*, die, die the Death of a faithful Lover.

Beat. } *Fat.* } *Hil.* } Ay. { Toby *strikes himself on the Breast, and falls down.*

Beat. Ay, *Toby*, what hast thou done? --- Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha---- { Beat. *looks on his Breast, & takes up a great Candle.*

Hil. What dost laugh at?

Beat. Look here, he has mistaken a great Candle for a Case-Knife.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Beat. He scar'd me: It gave way, and, I thought verily, I had seen it run into his Body.

Lov. Rise, *Toby*, you have only greased your Doublet.

Tob. I durst have sworn, I had left a Knife in my Heart.

Beat. If you go to the Basket agen, be sure you bring a Knife with you.

Tob. No; me thought, Self-Murder was a great Sin; and now I have consider'd on't a little, I'm glad to see my self alive agen: and now, rather than kill my self for You, or any Woman breathing, I would first see the Souls of a hundred thousand of 'em ramm'd into a Morter-piece, and shot into a *Dutch* Fire-ship, and so I leave you to his Lordship; and to let you see, I am my own man again, I and my Friends will dance at your Wedding. Come, give me my habit.

[Toby *puts on a Bearer's habit.*

Beat. My Lord, you see I did not any thing for want of an Husband; what I have done, was purely out of Kindness to your Lordship.

D. Bass. Beatrice, I have consider'd on't, and I will own thee for my Wife, and as my Wife thou art a Lady, and know your State, and take the upper hand of your two Mistresses: 'tis some Revenge to see thee take place of those two proud Minxes.

Carel. Come, play away for the Dance.

All the Company seat themselves, Beatrice takes place of all the Women.

A Dance.

A Dance. Toby, *in the habit of a Beaver, and the 3 Beavers dance with the 4 Maids.*

Muchw. So, Mr. *Level* and Daughter, I wish you much Joy together: the Match is of your own making; and when either of you repent it, you must blame your selves.

Lev. That Marriage can hardly know Repentance, in which both parties had their choice.

Muchw. My Lord, I intreat you, let my House have the Honour to treat you to night.

D. Boast. I embrace your Kindness; give me your Hand, now no more *Beatrice*, but my Lady, we will suddainly down to my Country-House; and there fix our selves, and visit *London* but seldom; the Town is not a place for Wives to live in, that bring no Portions.

Beat. I shall like a Country-life very well, if I have but the Honour of your Lordships good Company; and, I doubt not, but in few years to raise a Portion out of my good Huswifery.

Muchw. Come, I'le lead you the way to a better Room, Mr. *Careless*, Ladies, and all, pray follow.

Hil. Hold, hold, Uncle, 'Slife, you are for rising from Table before Dinner's done, the third Course is yet to come up.

Carel. Pray, lead on, Sir; I beseech you, lead on, Sir.

Hil. Come, come, *Careless*, we're halt before a Cripple.

Carel. Good Madam, you are sharp set, I dare not trust my self with you, unless they will all stay.

Muchw. Niece, what say you to me?

Hil. It come just now in my mind, that I have lost my Bedfellow; and now my Cousin is gon, I know not what I shall do; for, I vow, I dare not lie alone.

Carel. O no, 'tis dangerous, for after seeing Marriages and new Married folks put to bed together, as strange dreams and fancies will be apt to run in your mind, as after seeing bloody Executions and dead people at the Gallows: and who knows what a taking you may be in i'th' night; and what strange fits you may have.

Hil. Aye, some e'ne have upon the like occasions, and bite, and gnaw, and tear the very sheets in pieces.

Carel. O Madam, aye so they do.

Hil. Well Uncle, you may go, I'le e'ne send for one of the Neighbours Daughters from the next door to lye with me.

Carel. O Madam, 'tis a hundred to one, but she may fall into the same fits and fancies too, and that will be more dangerous still, to have two mad folks in a bed, and neither able to allay the others fury.

Hil. O Sir, do you begin to come about, would you beat off others, that you may be my Bed-fellow your self? I perceive that you are for having a Wife.

Carel. I for a Wife?

Hil. Nay, nay, 'tis so, ne'r deny't. Well Sir, give me your hand, rather then lye alone to night, I'le do any thing.

Carel. I knew 'twould come to this.

Hil. I will be your Wife, and since I can't have a Gallant before Marriage, I'le do like other Wives, and have one after; and, now I think on't too, a Husband is very necessary, if it is only to save the trouble of being ask'd questions o're and o're, as who's the Father, who got it? and besides, what Children the Gallant gets, the Husband must keep.

Carel. I can be even with you there, for you can bring me none to keep, but what are your own at least; and if you expect I should be Father to all your Children, I expect you should be a Nurse to all mine, and I may have 'um brought home to me on all sides, from twenty several women; for I intend to be a great getter and Father of many.

Hil. Well, I have but this thing more to say to you; whosoever I choose for my Gallant, you are not to quarrel, or fall out with him, but on the contrary, to make him your particular intimate Friend, to be always inviting him home to Dinner, and the like.

Carel. And also, whosoever I like for a Mistress, be she Maid, Wife, or Widdow, you are to get acquainted with her, to Visit her often, to speak in my praise, and tell my good qualities, to commend my abilities; and in fine, to use the utmost of your power to bring us together, *gain us opportunity, and if need be, to watch at the Stair-head, and in case of necessity, to hold the door.*

Hil. In Company, you shall never call me Wife, or Dear, or Sweet-heart, but Madam.

Carel.

Carel. In Company you shall never call me Husband, or by my Christian Name, but Mr. *Careless*.

Hil. In none of these particulars will I ever offend Mr. *Careless*.

Carel. In none of these particulars will I ever offend you, Madam.

Hil. This 'tis for Folks to meet that understand themselves; Marriage with these circumstances, I like well enough, and must certainly be very pleasant and delightful.

Carel. Sir, I beg your pardon, for detayning you and the Company so long; but you'l excuse it, being a business of concern; and each party ought to understand the other before they set their Hands and Seals to the Engagement.

Hil. Uncle, pray con o're the Articles, for you are to be summon'd for a Witness upon occasion.

Machw. It is like to be a fine Marriage.

Lov. Yes, if it go on according to Agreement.

Carel. You shall see our Marriage (which you think is clapt up out of a frollick) go on more chearfully than yours, made out of stark Love and desperate Affection, we, like two Birds (though we Roost together at Night) will have our freedom all Day, and flie Chirping about, whil'st you like two Domestick Animals, ti'de too close together in a string, shall still be snarling and biting one another.

Hil. And we have the trouble every now and than to part you; mark the event on't.

Carel. Mrs. *Clap.* and Mrs. *Breedw.* you must not think you have quite lost me, because I am Married, and so pray tell the rest of my Acquaintance, I am enter'd into Matrimony, but not in to Bondage.

Hil. He has, as it were but one Mistress the more. Lead away Uncle.

Whilst other Wives, and Husbands, Scold and Rant,
We two will live like Mistress and Gallant.

ERRATA.

Page 1. line 13. for *my*, read *one*. p. 4. l. 17. for *four*, r. *fourscore*. l. 32. l. *Talle*. r. *Tallent*. p. 5. l. 1. l. *Jolant*, r. *Jolant*. p. 7. l. 8. l. *you*, r. *you Women*. p. 10. l. 6. l. *receipt*, r. *deceit*. l. 26. l. *for me*, r. *to me*. l. 28. l. *from*, r. *shuns*. p. 12. l. 24. r. *my Grandfather*. p. 12. l. 23. l. *appear*, r. *appears*. p. 23. l. 15. l. *I*, r. *I'de*. p. 39. l. 4. l. *sleepish*, r. *sheepish*. p. 34. l. 29. l. *swore*, r. *sworn*. l. 35. l. *know*, r. *knew*. p. 37. l. 22. l. *Id'*, r. *I do*. p. 39. l. 28. dele *and*. p. 36. l. 13. l. *know*, r. *knew*. l. 14. l. *flanking*, r. *flirting*. l. 18. l. *my Lady*, r. *many a Lady*. p. 38. l. 3. dele *Habited*. l. 34. r. *has been*. p. 42. l. 17. l. *know me*, r. *know her*. p. 45. l. 8. dele *not*. l. 13. *for your Niece may*, r. *for you Niece you may*. p. 47. l. 26. l. *Spirit* r. *Spirits* l. 5. l. *know you*, r. *know me*. p. 52. l. 15. dele *some*. p. 54. l. 7. l. *jagd me*, r. *jagg him*. p. 56. l. 14. r. *for it*. l. 17. dele *it*. p. 53 l. 29. dele *Bet. Sir we are still*, &c.

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *Settle.*

GAllants, 'tis fear'd, after our last Loud Play,
You will be Deaf to all Low Wit can say.
Light'ning, Machine *and* Noyse *your Favourites are.*
Those Murdering Playes, *the* Stage's *Men of War,*
Drive all before 'um, like an English *Fleet:*
All's Prize that in their Thunders-reach they meet;
Their mighty First-Rate Strength so great appears;
We Younger Actors seem but Privateers:
And like true Pickroons, this time we choose;
Where the Great Ships lye by, the Capers Cruze.
Yet we engage with full as much Devotion,
Tho' with less Hope, and far less Execution.
How e're we Adventurers so little Stake,
'Tis all clear Profit whatsoe're we Take;
Whil'st they from the large Booty they had got,
Pay Tribute *to the* Force *that Set them out;*
As if Gay Playes, *like* Navies, *had this Check,*
In a Rich Prize to Plunder but one Deck.
Yet their Fame's greater, tho' their Gain be less,
You kindly say, they merited Success.

Their

EPILOGUE.

Their Triumphs so much above ours prevail,
You'l own, they Won your Money, which we steal.
They Conquer a more Honourable way;
Their Spoyls are Victory, and ours but Prey.

Now has our Damn'd dull *Epilogue* ill us'd you;
I'me sure, it has not pleas'd; that is, abus'd you.
——————But that small Fault to Day
May be excus'd, we've don't enough inth' *Play*.

FINIS.
